

CADENCES

THE

**JODY
CALL**



BOOK

VOLUME I

EDITED BY

SANDEE SHAFFER JOHNSON

CADENCES:

The Jody Call Book, No. 1

Edited by Sandee Shaffer Johnson

Daring Books

Canton, Ohio

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*To the American Soldier —
past, present and future.*

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INTRODUCTION

Cadences is not designed as a handbook for instructors with the technical details of precision drill. This volume does not intend to replace or duplicate the standardized training offered by field manuals or Richard W. Sharrett's *Command Voice*. But it does offer a compilation of chants including many of the old favorite calls as well as newer versions.

The project is a direct result of numerous inquiries directed to my attention as a librarian for the Army. Many new recruits, NCOs, officers and even joggers were searching for a book of cadences. I found that no extensive collection has been published. Some individual bases and Drill Sergeant Schools have produced their own pamphlets of Jody calls but their circulation and scope is limited to particular cadre or branches. Integrating material from such booklets with that received from numerous contributors scattered all over the nation, I have edited a volume for public use.

Cadences is a representative cross-section of the cadences sung by the Military. It was impossible to include all the contributions. Naturally, some branches such as Infantry and Armor or Aviation related troops had more chants than Support groups. A few Jodies have only five or six words remaining after the vulgarities are edited — thus these verses were omitted. Several of those included may warrant criticism from women due to their sexual undertones.

Many of these selections are not acceptable to the literary world, nor are they grammatically correct, nor do they even express any love for the armed services. However they do reflect trends in American slang as

well as in specialized military jargon. Deletions do not circumvent the fact that these chants usually have a positive tone and create an atmosphere of spirit, pride and "camaraderie." Their value for increasing friendly competition during Physical Training can not be underrated. In short, they represent the soldiers in our defense system — a patchwork of Americans holding varied ranks but all trained to protect our country.

There have been many book compilations of military music containing specific marching songs. Arthur Dolph's *Sound Off!* (1924, 1942), *G.I. Songs* (1944) edited by Edgar Palmer, *Singing Soldiers* (1927) by John Niles, and various Army Song Books are old yet ageless volumes. *Cadences* attempts to include mainly those marching songs which are considered to be in the public domain. They also conform to the cadence beat variation when the drill leader sings a line. Then the troops either repeat his words, answer with a verse of their own or count cadence. The common paces are "Quick Time" (Marching) which refers to 120 steps or beats per minute while "Double Time" (Running) indicates 180 steps or counts per minute.

Although it has been used for centuries as a means of keeping people in rhythm or step, cadence development into the "Jody Call" as we know it did not become widespread until the end of World War II. They are similar, however, to the "Zouave" chants popular during the Civil War. Rumors of earlier military rhythmic chants still exist but I found no substantiation of these until the publication of the "Duckworth Chant." (see History) As a child I recall singing some of the cadences without even realizing their source. Monotonous school bus trips and Girl Scout hikes were often relieved by "Gee, Mom, I Wanna Go Home" or a variation of "Captain Jack." Many years later as a DAC in

Korea, I was invariably elated by spirited cadences shouted by troops as they either marched or double-timed down the street.

I have not knowingly infringed on any copyrighted material without prior permission. Jody chants seem to maintain the same distinction as folktales and dirty jokes — changing and growing as they are passed verbally from one generation to the next. Some may be chanted to the tune of a popular song or may even borrow phrases from well-known sources. But in general, the cadences are a “talking book.”

Unfortunately, hundreds are already irretrievable. It is my hope that this publication can serve as a preservation effort in still another realm of military lore. And, just maybe, a few reminiscing old veterans or “hard-core” drill sergeants will know that their legacy is not forgotten.

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PUBLISHERS NOTE

As a small unit leader in U.S. Army units for over a decade, I have marched and double-timed to miles of Jody Calls. Each unit of which I have been a member has had its favorite cadences, but one gets bored with the same old calls (and caller).

That is why I was so excited when Sandee announced her desire to publish a book of consolidated Cadence Calls. It has simply amazed me as to the variety of cadences she has compiled and I find it fascinating and entertaining.

If you have a favorite Cadence Call that is not in this book, would you send it to me? Mail it to my attention at Daring Books, Box 526, Canton, Ohio 44701.

As most of you know, the Jody Calls we sing help so much in relieving the humdrum and pain of marching and running. I know this book will help to lighten your load if you continue to — *Sound Off!*

Dennis W. Bartow

CHAPTER ONE

This is our story sweet and short —
We really began with a New York fort.
A man named Duckworth chanted us first,
We drill your troops — the best to the worst.

History of Cadences and their Subsequent Development

Cadence has been utilized throughout history as a means of maintaining rhythm and pace while toiling. On early ships, a drum was beat for every stroke of the oars. Later, other musical instruments such as bugles and fifes were used to keep workers producing at a certain rate. During the centuries, working songs were also employed to boost morale and promote *esprit de corps*.

The Romans discovered that their armies marched more effectively if they kept step. From this seemingly insignificant beginning, military troops worldwide gradually began to practice drills. By the eighteenth century, defense systems of most world powers had developed disciplined maneuvers. However, the American Army had not. In fact, during the first part of the Revolutionary War, our volunteer recruits lacked the teamwork and organization necessary to defeat the British forces.

The Redcoats were so confident of their superiority that America's first marching song ("Yankee Doodle") was written by an English surgeon and sung by British troops as a taunt to irritate the inhabitants of the original thirteen colonies. Fortunately, by the end of the

war, such leaders as Baron von Steuben, a Prussian officer, had standardized drills and regulations, enabling the "Rag" Army to win. In retribution, the patriots took special pleasure in singing "Yankee Doodle" to the defeated British soldiers.

Numerous other American marching songs have been written over the past two hundred years. Our warriors have tramped to their tunes from Atlanta with Sherman "...to the shores of Tripoli" with the Marines. The Civil War brought marching songs to the attention of national conscience. Such melodies as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" helped stir both the North and South into furious battles.

The late nineteenth and first half of the twentieth centuries saw an influx of music, some dealing specifically with marching. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Hip! Hip! Horray (We are Marching Away)," "Over There," and "The Caisson Song" are few of these melodies. It was not until later that cadences were mentioned in popular songs such as "The Army Goes Rolling Along" (the official Army song) which mentions "...count off the cadence loud and strong..."

Toward the end of the second World War, a new development surfaced among the armed forces. As the story is told, in May, 1944, as exhausted marching troops were returning to their barracks at Fort Slocum, New York, a rhythmic chant was heard from somewhere in the columns. Other soldiers gradually joined in and their dragging feet picked up momentum. Thus, the "Duckworth Chant" or "Sound Off" began.

The creator of the calls was a black private named Willie Duckworth who was on detached service with the Provisional Training Center. Luckily, Colonel Bernard

Lentz, Fort Slocum's Commander for three years, recognized the value of the verses and promoted their use. Colonel Lentz encouraged Pvt. Duckworth and instructors at the Training Center to incorporate the chants along with other unique drill methods which he had instigated and written about much earlier. The War Department became interested soon after. According to information supplied by Gladys "Woodie" Borkowski, M/Sgt., USAF (Retired), who was stationed at Fort Slocum at the time, the chant was recorded and distributed to the Armed Forces as follows:

V Disc War Department, Music Branch, Special Services Division, Army Service Forces.

Side A-1 Introduction Speech

2 T/Sgt Henry Felice & Rehabilitation

SideB-3 S/Sgt Gladys Woodard & WAC Detachment
Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Jodie Chant Pvt James Tyus &
Rehabilitation Center Class

Another source claims that Tony Martin, an actor/singer from the forties, also recorded "Sound Off" while he was stationed at Chanute Air Field, Illinois during the Second World War.

The original chant contains the familiar "Sound Off" chorus which should be repeated after every verse:

(CHORUS) SOUND OFF (By individual)

1 - 2 (By troops)

SOUND OFF (By individual)

3 - 4 (By troops)

CADENCE COUNT (By individual)

1 - 2 - 3 - 4, 1 - 2 ---- 3 - 4 (By troops)

Verse 1. The heads are up and the chests are out
The arms are swinging in cadence count.

Verse 2. Head and eyes off the ground,
Forty inches, Cover Down.

Verse 3. It won't get by if it ain't GI,
It won't get by if it ain't GI.

Verse 4. I don't mind taking a hike
If I can take along a bike.

Verse 5. I don't care if I get dirty
As long as the Brow get Gravel Gertie.

Verse 6. The Wacs and Waves will win the war
So tell us what we're fighting for.

Verse 7. They send us out in the middle of night
To shoot an azimuth without a light.

Verse 8. There are lots of plums upon the tree
For everyone exceptin' me.

Verse 9. The first platoon, it is the best.
They always pass the Colonel's tests.

(Copyright 1950, by Bernard Lentz)

Several other verses to the "Duckworth Chant" are usually grouped with the original stanzas:

I (you) had a good home but I (you) left, you're right. (Repeat)

Jodie [Jody] was there when you left, you're right. (Repeat)

The United States Coast Guard Band provided the sheet music to "Sound Off" which adds the lines:

The Captain rides in a jeep,
The Sergeant rides in a truck,
The General rides in a limousine
But we're just out of luck.

In the preface to the Sixth Edition of Colonel Lentz's book *Cadence System of Teaching Close Order Drill and Exhibition Drills*, a portion of a letter attests to the popularity of the "Duckworth Chant" overseas. The correspondence is from Colonel Lentz's son, Lt. Colonel Bernard V. Lentz, stationed at that time in Wurttemberg, Germany:

The Duckworth Chant (Fort Slocum edition) now resounds in the Third Battalion, 399th Infantry. The Companies are all pretty good at it by now. You should see the Dutchmen stick their eyes out when we go marching by with that number. The other day one of the companies was taking a march and they started to chant. About five minutes after they moved out, they had more kids (potential Jerry burp-gunners) following them than the Pied Piper ever had; about 500 from three years up. The hike was eight miles long and most of the Heinie brats made it, so enchanted were they by the doughboys and their chant.

Received shortly after VE-day.

After World War II, cadence calls developed many variations. Inevitably, the chants reflected various officers, units or posts, the introduction of new equipment, new drill instructors and the constant rotation of troops. Many of the marching songs were based on black jive melodies and even nursery rhymes. Spirituals such as "Amen, Amen," or soul music were (and are) strutted to cadence on the drill field.

Vocabulary unique to wars and other contemporary circumstances are echoed in cadences for soldiers, just as poetry mirrors current events for civilians. For example, the Vietnam conflict and the Iranian crisis issue were frequent subjects of recent chants. Other trends

such as streaking in the sixties, rapid consumption of alcohol and even Jimmy Carter's visit to Korea found their way into marching songs. **Private Benjamin**, a popular television sit-com a few years ago, featured a Jody that exemplifies the increasing number of females in the armed forces.

No one seems to know for certain when the "Duckworth 'Chant'" or "Sound Off" became known as the "Jody Call" or "Jodies." For that matter, the common question over the years has been, "Who is Jody?" The consensus among members of the military is not complimentary. Soldiers of all ages and experiences agree that Jody is the guy (gal) back home ever ready to take your wife (husband), girlfriend (boyfriend), sister (brother) or even the family car. There is probably a "Jody" waiting stateside to haunt the female sector of the armed services. Anyway, Jody is the civilian who enjoys the comforts of civilization while the serviceman or woman is training in the field or stationed overseas. Jody may be synonymous with GI Joe, a variation of John Doe (J.D.) or perhaps Joe D. something. But try to make a joke about Jody to a GI during his "hardship" tour at an isolated post in Korea and you won't get much laughter in response. In fact, while some old-timers grin at the mention of his name, new recruits may cringe at the implications.

These are some popular verses about the ever present Jody. It seems that his name pops up everywhere in conversations or jokes that really don't seem that funny to a homesick soldier. The chorus for these Quick Time cadences is usually:

Am I right or wrong?

Am I going strong?

Sound off (1 - 2), *Sound off* (3 - 4)

Break it on down (1 - 2 - 3 - 4)(1 - 2 ----- 3 - 4)

Jody this and Jody that,

Jody is a real cool cat.

Ain't no use in calling home,

Jody's on your telephone.

Ain't no use in going home,

Jody's got your girl and gone.

Ain't no use in feeling blue,

Jody's got your sister too.

Ain't no use in looking back,

Jody's got your cadillac.

If old Jody is six feet tall,

I won't mess with him at all.

Might as well hide that frown,

Jody's beat you hands down.

Jody, Jody, six feet four,

Jody's never been whipped before.

I'm gonna take a three day pass,

Can't wait to get Jody in my grasp.

Jody is the one who's mad —

Basic training ain't that bad!

In the following cadence contributed by PFC James Knopp (Ft. Hood, Texas), the Air Defense Artillery fights against Jody and wins the battle.

ADA VS. JODY

Here I am in old two/five,
Running PT, staying alive.
Back home Jody's got my wife,
Gonna take a Chap and end his life.

Driving trucks the whole day through,
Watch out Jody, I'm a 'gunnin' for you.
So I went home, old Jody's scared,
Said, "Come on back if you dare."

Jody took an aircraft into the sky,
Said, "Hey, hey Jody, you're gonna die."
Took that Chap and brought it on line,
Jody's death was mighty fine.

History has not always been kind to the "Jody call." Some officers in the past have not allowed cadences to be used during drills, probably due to the obscenities and crude variations that have developed. According to one source, in the early fifties Fort Knox would not allow marching to the rhythm of chants despite their value in aiding drill practice. In one case (1980) an officer was relieved of command because his troops had used a particularly vulgar cadence while drilling past a high-ranking commander. It is true that marching chants have changed through the years, many times for the worse. But despite their ups and downs, lefts and rights, they are more popular than ever, helping to "make marching fun and a pleasure."

CHAPTER TWO

We are the verses soldiers like best,
Mix us and match us — we do the rest.
So quick to learn, easy to know,
We come in handy for those on the go.

(Short, assorted chants and chorus lines adaptable to combination.)

There are many verses and short stanzas that you might want to add to your cadences. The variations were contributed by many different soldiers all over America.

Took my parachute out west,
And landed in a hornet's nest.
Didn't take me long to move on out —
Back at Benning they heard me shout.

Standing in the sun all wet with sweat,
Drill Sergeant's the meanest man I ever met.
Got a face like a monkey and legs like a cat,
I didn't know anybody ever looked like that.

Sitting on a mountain top beating on a drum —
Beat so hard that the MPs come.
MP, MP, don't get me —
Get that leg behind that tree.

Heaven is great, to my surprise.
There's alot of Airborne guys.
There stood Saint Peter on the crest —
He had wings upon his chest.

Walking down the avenue,
A few more days and you'll be through.
I'll be glad and so will you.

If I live forever more,
Don't send me to the Five-oh-four.
Send me down where I can drive,
Way on down to the Five-five-five.

The battle cry of the straight leg corps,
"Medic, Medic, I am sore."
The battle cry of the straight leg corps,
"Had some leave and want some more."

Here's my rifle, I called it my gun . . .
And that's why I'm marching out here in the sun.

Keep your eyes up off the ground,
Ain't no discharge lying round.
Do not stop, regardless of rank,
The man behind you is driving a tank.

Well, here we go,
We're at it again,
We're marching out,
We're marching in,
We're marching to,
We're marching fro,
We're always marching (clap)
on the go!

Sergeant, Sergeant, I have my doubts,
What is making your guts stick out.
Is it whiskey or is it wine,
Or is it missing that PT time?

Up in the morning with the drizzlin' rain,
Run to the paraloft to check my main.
Mission uncertain, destination unknown,
I don't even know if I'm ever comin' home.

Every night I hit the sack,
Oh my aching Airborne back!

Airborne, Airborne, where've you been?
Around the world and going again.
What're you going to do when you get back?
Going to get me a new rucksack.

Sitting on the beach looking up at the sun,
Along came an airborne out on the run.
Running cross the beach kicking up the sand,
Saying, "Don't mess with me, I'm an airborne man."

Don't you know, Rock and Roll,
In my heart, in my soul.
Gotta go, all the way!
Rock and roll is here to stay.

Airborne Ranger, raving mad,
He's got a patch that I wish I had.
Yellow and black and half moon shape,
Airborne Ranger — he's gone ape.

Big iron bird way up in the sky,
Airborne ranger gonna jump or die.
Standing in the door I can feel the breeze,
Something inside was a-shaking my knees.

Drill Sergeant, Drill Sergeant, can't you tell,
_____ is tough as hell.

Squat jumps, push ups, which is best —
Squatting position or the leaning rest?

Birdie, birdie, in the sky,
Dropped a little white wash in my eye.
Ain't no sissy, I won't cry —
I'm just glad that cows don't fly.

I look down the road and what do I see,
My girlfriend's husband coming after me.
He's got a gun and he's got a knife —
Hey, I'll be running for the rest of my life.

Lift your head and hold it high,
_____ is passing by.
Lift your head and hold it proud,
They're running hard and yelling loud.

†
Standing tall and looking good,
We should be in Hollywood.

Bo Diddly, Bo Diddly, can't you see
I got some jump wings pinned on me.
It's mind over matter, best toe the line,
'Cause you don't matter and I don't mind.

Dress to the right and cover down,
Forty inches all around.

I don't know but I believe,
You'll be going overseas.

With my rifle and bayonet,
Ayatolla I'm gonna get.
Old and ugly, you're a hell of a man —
You better hope I don't get to Iran.

My grand-daddy was a brave old man
And I am trying as hard as I can
To be like him in every way —
Runnin' and fightin' and drinkin' all day.

I had a girl in New Orleans,
Fourteen children and a can of beans.
Now she's someone else's wife
And I'll be running for the rest of my life.

My Aunt Molly was a hell of a girl,
She has been all around the world.
She might be ugly, but she ain't no fool —
You'll never find her in DI school.

There's two things that I can't stand,
A bow-legged woman and a straight-legged man.

I got a girl that lives out west,
Thought this Airborne life was best.
Now she's somebody else's wife,
I'll be jumping for the rest of my life.

Airborne, Airborne, you want to be.
Jump from an Aircraft
And land in the trees,
Run this track both day and night,
Earn my pay while in fright.

Two old ladies laying in bed,
One rolled over to the other and said,
"The man I marry, he must be
Airborne, ranger, infan-try."

My Drill Sergeant's got me on KP,
He don't have no respect for me.
Wakes me up before the break of day,
Gets me dressed and on my way.

Ahab had a camel named Clyde,
Nobody knows how the poor boy died.
He rode all day and he rode all night,
My boy Ahab rode out of sight.

Second Lieutenants are at it again —
Trying to win the war with a fountain pen.

G.I. coat and G.I. comb,
Gee, I wish that I were home.
G.I. coat and G.I. gravy,
Gee, I wish I'd joined the Navy.

I don't know but I've been told,
The Drill Sergeant School is good as gold.

Drill Sergeant, Drill Sergeant, can't you see —
This PT. is killing me!
I've got pain all in my chest —
I might die, but I did my best!

Look to your left and what did you see?
A mean old black hat lookin' at me.
Look at him grin and smile and cheer —
He's a paratrooper that doesn't know fear.

Standing on a highway a-thumbing a ride,
A bus load of paratroopers pass me by.
Hanging out the window was a bald-headed man —
He yelled some things that I couldn't understand.

Looking good in my dress greens,
I'm a part of the green machine.
Shine that brass and shine it right,
Shining in the morning and late at night.

Once I drove a Cadillac,
Now I'm driving an Army Track,
Punch the tube and grease the breech,
Until that battery is released.

I was born on a mountain,
And raised in a cave,
Being in the Army's all I crave.

How many days 'til I go home?
How many days 'til they leave me alone?
Cut your hair and shine your shoes,
Keep on singing those Red Leg Blues.

I don't know, but I've been told,
The _____ is getting old.
But if you want to be with the best,
You darn well better give us the test.

Army, Army, can't you see
What it is you're doing to me.
My nerves are shot —
And my arches have dropped.

Heat and sabot, hep and smoke,
Infantry, Cavalry — just a joke.
Fifty tons of killin' steel,
Load 'em up and let us deal.

The Cavalry has one to do it's chore,
When we're through, we'll look for more.
If they're fools and call our bluff,
We'll kick their tails and show our stuff.

The Armor goes rolling along,
Putting rounds where they belong,
If you think our rounds don't hit,
Show yourself, you'll go to bits.

Punching tubes and tight'ning bolts,
Worked so hard I thought I'd croak.
Got a detail Saturday night,
Gee, I love this tanker's life!

If I die on the German line —
Bury me with a sweet fraulein.
Pin my metal on my chest —
Tell my girl I did my best.

CHORUS

Sound off (*Leader*)

J. O. (*Troops*)

Sound Again (*Leader*)

D. Y. (*Troops*)

Bring it on down (*Leader*)

I. O. D. Y. ... J. O. -----D. Y. (*Troops*)

We fly the helicopters,
We fix them when they break,
We go by the manual
So we don't make mistakes.

Huey, Cobra, sitting on the strip,
Army aviator on a combat trip.
Jump in, buckle up, close the canopy,
Never mind the rest, keep your eyes on me.

Over the tops and between the hills,
If we don't do it, no one will.
Pop up, set it down, move it to the right,
Aeroscouts prepare for the fight.
Call to the snakes, and hear them hiss,
See a tank burn — they never miss.

We like running, yes we do —
If you tried it, you would too.
Only one thing we would like —
We would rather ride a bike.

Used to drive a coupe DeVille
Now I'm running up the hill.

Daddy, daddy, look and see,
See what transportation's done for me.
Driving jeeps and flying planes,
Now I'll never be the same.

Hey, hey Transportation,
I've got my eyes on you,
You know you look so neat
When you're marching to the beat.

Out every morning at a quarter to six,
Walking and a running thru the broken sticks.
Clapping and a'yelling and a'making noise,
Trying to make the sky boys close their doors.

Engineers are number one,
They call us when there's work to be done.
Aviation is all we hear,
We do the work, they drink the beer.
Pistol ranges, soccer goals,
Road extensions, shower stalls . . .

We turn wrenches and we roll in the grease,
We bust our knuckles on those big iron beasts.
We operate equipment day and night —
If push comes to shove, we're prepared to fight!

AWOL, AWOL, where've you been?
Down in Wahiawa drinking gin.
What ya gonna do, when you get back?
Sweat it out on the PT track.

My old granny is seventy-two,
Knows karate and a little Kung Fu.
Busting boards and breaking bricks,
Knocks big trees into pickup sticks.

Look here coming into sight,
Mornin' girls, you're looking nice.
Won't you come and run with me,
_____ Artillery.

We will run 'til the settin' sun,
We'll put more fun in your run.

MP, MP don't get me —
Get that guy behind that tree.
He stole the whiskey, I stole the wine,
All I get is double-time.

One, two, three, four
If you don't sing, we're gonna run some more.
One mile — won't get it.
Two miles — stickin' with it.
Three miles — lookin' good.
Four miles — know you could.

I don't know but I've been told,
Our BC/1SG is getting old.
See how his knees wobble when he walks,
Hear how his voice cracks when he talks.

If I can't get through that heaven's gate,
I'm going to hell to suffer my fate.
Grease gun and K-bar in my hand,
Turn that place into no-man's land.

MPs know we raise some hell,
But in the battle, we'll do well.
So if you ask why we're so fine,
We're the mean old Infantry line.

Dolphins rollin' down the strip,
Mechanized grunts gonna take a little trip,
Fighting on mountains or the jungle floor,
Doin' our best and looking for more.

We'll hit your lines and split you in two,
You'll be running yellow before we're through.
We will fight with every weapon in our hand,
Because that's the way of an Infantry man.

†

Redleg soldier, implace your spade,
Before the battery gets laid.
Set the collimator in time,
Before the enemy gets behind.

Up every morning at a quarter to six,
Jumping and running and getting sick.
Bending and stretching like a rubber band,
Lord, Oh Lord, won't you give me a hand?

You're a grunt now, Private Jones,
No private room or telephones.
You had meals in bed before,
You won't have them there anymore.
Mr. Jones wore faded jeans,
Private Jones wears OD Greens.

After a run, we hit the motor pool,
Work when it's hot, work when it's cool.
A hard day's work is all we know,
That's Infantry everywhere you go.

Hi, Ho, Clap your hands,
I wish I was in Iran,
With my weapon in my hand,
I want to stay a free man.

Up in the morning at the break of day,
Bustin' my head just to earn my pay.
Going to ride that tank and ride it all day,
Hope the hell I get that raise in pay.

The sun is shining, the sky is blue,
I've got no money, what can I do?
I count cadence, delayed cadence,
count cadence, count . . .

I want to be an armor crewman,
Live a life that's almost human.
In my tank I feel no dangers,
I run all over airborne rangers.

First to rise and last to sleep,
We will keep our country free.
We shoot to the moon and ride to the sky,
For our country — we will die.

1-2-3-4

I love the Marine Corp.

1-2-3-4

Forget the Navy, join the Corp.

Got three kids, gonna have some more —
One on the ground and two in the door.
Momma, mamma, what do you say?
Airborne sky soldier on his way.

Cadences may use various chorus lines between verses. "Sound-off" is one of the more popular but there are other examples just as helpful. In some cases the chorus must be used specifically with a certain chant such as sung in "What the Rangers Did," "My Girl's a Pretty Girl," "Bobba Reeba" or "Everywhere I Go." Most of the others can be used with verses interchangeably.

Your left, your left, your left, your right,
left, right, left, your military left.
Your left, your right, now pick up the step,
your left, your right, your left, your right, your left.

Am I right or wrong?
You're right! (*Trainees answer*)
Am I right or wrong? or Ain't we going strong?
You're right! (*Trainees answer*)

Hidi, Hidi, Hidi, Ho,
Hidi, Hidi, Hidi, Hey
REPEAT

Left right, get on down. (*Trainees repeat*)
Left right, get on down. (*Trainees repeat*)
Get on down (*Trainees repeat*)
Get on down (*Trainees repeat*)
Get on down (*Trainees repeat*)
Get on down (*Trainees repeat*)
Get on down now
(*Trainees answer*) Get on down now, left right,
get on down.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, (*Trainees repeat*)
Whoa, whoa ----- whoa, whoa, (*Trainees repeat*)

Olly Anna, Olly, Olly Anna (*Trainees repeat all lines*)
Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly Anna,
Dress to the right and cover down, Olly, Olly Anna,
Forty inches all around, Olly, Olly Anna.
Olly Anna, Olly, Olly Anna,
Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly, Olly Anna.

CHAPTER THREE

We are chanted wherever you drill —
Sing us on fields, in valleys or hills.
Though many of these Jodies are much older,
Just like Vets they're sometimes bolder.

(General cadences flexible for utilization in various units or posts.)

A LETTER FROM MY RECRUITER (Quick and Double Time)

I was sitting at home watching T.V.,
Drinking beer at quarter to three.
Up walked the postman and dropped the bomb,
He handed me my letter from the Pentagon.

My knees got shaky and I began to sweat,
I said, "I know they haven't started the draft up yet."
I opened up the letter and what did I see?
A whole lot of big words that I couldn't read.

This Army is supposed to be good for me,
And so I went downtown to see.
The Army Recruiter said, "Don't despair:
Opportunity unlimited and treatment that's fair."

Pay is good, advancement is great,
Get out of bed early, go to bed late.
I mean what I say, and say what I mean,
Army life is the best I've seen.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

BOBBA REEBA (Marching)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Hey Bobba Reebe,

Hey Bobba Reebe,

One-two-----three, four

One-two-----three, four

Well, I wish all the ladies

Were bricks in a pile,

And I was a mason —

I'd lay 'em all in style.

Well, I wish all the ladies

Were pies on a shelf,

And I was a baker —

I'd eat 'em all myself.

Well, I wish all the ladies

Were fish in the sea,

And I was a kingfish —

I'd have 'em[†] all for me.

Well, I wish all the ladies

Were clouds in the sky,

And I was a pilot —

They'd all help me fly.

*104th Division, Drill Sergeant School, Ft. Lewis
Washington*

THEY SAY THAT IN THE ARMY (Quick Time)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*Oh, Lord I want to go,
But they won't let me go
Home, home, home . . .*

They say that in the Army the chicken's mighty fine,
One jumped off the table and started marking time.

They say that in the Army, the pay is mighty fine,
They pay you a hundred dollars and take back ninety-nine.

They say that in the Army, the coffee's mighty fine,
It looks like muddy water and tastes like turpentine.

They say that in the Army, the women are mighty fine,
They look like Phyllis Diller and walk like
Frankenstein.

They say that in the Army the biscuits are mighty fine,
But one fell off the table and killed a friend of mine.

SGM William Lawrence, Ft. Lewis, Washington

In the preceding cadence, "They Say That In The Army," many verses can be substituted. In the same spirit, "Gee, Mom, I Wanna Go Home", has cadences utilized by the WACs during earlier times.

GEE, MOM, I WANNA GO HOME

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
I don't want no more of Army life,
Gee, Mom, I wanna go,
But they won't let me go,
Gee, Mom, I wanna go home.

The meat in the Army,
They say is mighty fine —
Last night we had ten puppies,
Today we've only nine.

The coffee in the Army,
They say is mighty fine,
It's good for cuts and bruises
And tastes like iodine.

The stockings in the Army,
They say are mighty fine,
But they're not very sheer 'cause
They're made of binder twine.

The shoes in the Army,
They say are mighty fine,
You ask for number seven's,
They give you number nine's.

Romances in the Army,
They say are mighty fine,
But just like ripe tomatoes,
We're rotting on the vine.

The pancakes in the Army,
They say are mighty fine,
But when you try to chew them,
You only waste your time.

Midge Cornell, Ft. Lewis, Washington

OLD LADY #1

Saw an old lady walking down the street,
She had tanks on her back, fins on her feet.
I said, "Hey, old lady, where're you going to?"
She said, "U.S. Navy Diving School."
I said, "Hey, old lady ain't you been told,
You'd better leave the scuba diving
To the brave and bold."
She said, "Sonny, sonny can't you see?
I taught RECON, UDT."

U.S. Marine Corps, Quantico, Virginia

BLUE

I had a dog whose name was Blue,
He wanted to go to Scuba School.
So I bought him a mask and four little fins
And took him down where he got the bends.
Well, the same dog who's name was Blue
Wanted to go to Ranger School.
So I took him to the field, took away his chow
And I put a little motivation in his bow-wow.

Major Bill Windsor, U.S. Marine Corp (Retired)

I SAW (Double Time)

I saw an old lady running down the street,
She had a chute on her back and boots on her feet.
I said, "Hey, old lady, where 're you going to?"
She said, "the U.S. Army Airborne School."

I saw an old lady marching down the street,
She had a pack on her back and boots on her feet.
I said, "Hey, old lady, where're you going to?"
She said, "U.S. Army Ranger School."
I said, "Hey, old lady, you're too darn old —
Leave that training for the young and bold."

I saw an old man coming down the track,
He had fins on his feet and tanks on his back.
I said "Hey, old man, where're you going to?"
He said, "the U.S. Army Scuba School."
"Whatcha gonna do when you get there?"
"I'm gonna swim under water, never breathe the air."

I saw a young man coming down the road,
He had a knife in his hand and a ninety pound load.
I said, "Hey, young man where're you going to?"
He said, "the U.S. Army Ranger School."
"Whatcha gonna learn when you get there?"
"How to jump, swim and kill, without a care."

BO DIDDLEY (Double Time)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*Hey, hey, Bo Diddly,
Hey, hey, Bo Diddly boy.*

Bo Diddly, Bo Diddly where you been?
Down in Columbia drinking gin.

What-cha gonna do when you get back?
Run five miles on a PT track.

Bo Diddly, Bo Diddly, what-cha gonna do?
I hear a Drill Sergeant talking to you.

He says you're tough, he says you're mean,
Now you're wearing Army green.

When you were young and in your prime,
You could run five miles anytime.

Now you're old and you can't run —
Tell me how are you gonna have fun?

SGM William Lawrence, Ft. Lewis, Washington

SING IT (Running)

CHORUS (Repeat between lines)

Whiskey — No good!

Woman — No good!

Smoking — No good!

P.T. — So good!

Sing it in the morning . . . Hurry up! Hurry up!
Sing it in the evening . . . Hurry up! Hurry up!
Everybody singing now . . . Hurry up! Hurry up!
Singing while they're running . . . Hurry up! Hurry up!
Everybody singing now . . . Sha na na na na
Sha na na na . . . Sha na na na . . . Sha na na na.

Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

HI HO DIDDLE BOP (Quick Time)

CHORUS (Between all verses)

*Your left, your left, your left, right,
left, your military left.*

*Your left, your right, now pick up the step,
your left, your right, your left.*

Hi, ho Diddly Bop
I'm glad I'm not back on the block
With my suitcase in my hand
Looking for a helping hand,
A helping hand.

Hi, ho, Diddly Bop
I'm glad I'm not back on the block
With an empty wallet in my hand.
I don't want to be an unemployed man,
Unemployed man.

Hi, ho, Diddly Bop
I'm glad I'm not back on the block
With my beer in my hand,
Wishing I was an Army man,
An Army man.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

EVERYWHERE I GO

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Everywhere I go, there's a drill sergeant there.

Everywhere I go, there's a drill sergeant there.

Drill sergeant, drill sergeant,

Counts the cadence by the numbers everywhere I go.

Whoa, whoa, whoa,

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

When I go to bed,
There's a drill sergeant there.

When I go to bed,
There's a drill sergeant there.

When I'm eatin' chow,
There's a drill sergeant there.
When I'm eatin' chow,
There's a drill sergeant there.

When I'm on a pass,
There's a drill sergeant there.
When I'm on a pass,
There's a drill sergeant there.

SGT Max Woodlee (Retired), Ft. Lewis, Washington

BURGER KING

Down in Honolulu at the Burger King,
First Sergeant _____ was a doin' his thing.

Hamburger, hot dog, chocolate shake,
There isn't much that he can't take.

Stand up, hustle up, shuffle to the door,
Back to the track and run some more.

*HQ 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks,
Hawaii*

FORT JACKSON (Quick Time)

CHORUS (Between all verses)

Fort Jack-sonnn . . .

Fort Jack-sonnn . . .

Late at night while you sleepin'

Drill sergeants come a-creepin' around, around . . .

You wake up in the morning,
The sergeant rings the bell.
You think it's easy livin',
You'll find it's really hell.

You PT every morning,
And this you surely know —
It doesn't make a difference
In rain, sleet or snow.

You learn about your weapon,
You march out to the range.
You come back late that evening —
Your body is all in pain.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

CAPTAIN JACK

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my rifle in my hand,
I'm gonna be a fighting man.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my suitcase in my hand,
I'm gonna be a travelin' man.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my car keys in my hand,
I'm gonna be a drivin' man.

Hey, hey Captain Jack,
Meet me down by the railroad track.
With my bottle in my hand,
I'm gonna be a drinkin' man.

Inoy Yague, Ft. Lewis, Washington

LOOK SHARP, BE SHARP (Quick Time)

Look sharp, be sharp is the word
At Fort Jackson it's always heard.

Hey, Hey, what do you say?
Doing my best in every way.

Look sharp, be sharp is our cry.
At Fort Jackson we aim for the sky.

Hey, Hey, what do you say?
Doing our best in every way.

Look sharp, be sharp — it's pretty rough.
If you wanna be a Soldier, you gotta be tough.
Hey, Hey, what do you say?
Doing our best in every way.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

WAC SOUND OFF

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Use regular SOUND OFF chorus

Joined the Army to wear my greens —
All I do is scrub latrines.

I got a guy in old Milwaukee —
We make love by walkie-talkie.

I got a guy in New York City —
So cross-eyed, he thinks I'm pretty.

Big, black shoes and long, blue skirt —
Gee now, you look like a jerk.

I don't know but I hear rumors —
Sgt. _____ wears khaki bloomers.

Trainee, trainee, don't be blue —
Our recruiter fooled us too.

Joined the Army to wear my brass —
But all I do is cut the grass.

Midge Cornell, Ft. Lewis, Washington

SOLEMN VOW

(Double and Quick Time)

Through the desert, across the plains,
Steaming jungles, and tropic rains.
No mortal foe can stop me now —
This is gonna be my solemn vow.

I have honor, and I have pride —
Winning serves me as my guide.
This Army shocks our enemies,
Brings them crashing to their knees.

Basic Training¹ is plenty rough —
To make it through you must be tough.
Squad Leader, don't be blue,
They're gonna make you a Soldier, too.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

GRANNY

When my granny was ninety-three,
She got up before dawn to do P.T.

When my granny was ninety-four,
She ran two miles and ran two more.

When my granny was ninety-five,
She could beat any Ranger alive.

When my granny was ninety-six,
She did P.T. just for kicks.

When my granny was ninety-seven,
She up and died and went to heaven.

She met St. Peter at the Pearly Gates,
Said, "St. Peter, I hope I'm not late."

St. Peter looked at her with a grin.
Said, "Get on down and knock out ten."

*Denise Owings, A Company, Reserve Unit Training,
Ft. Lewis, Washington*

UP IN THE MORNING (Double Time)

Up in the morning at the break of day,
Working so hard we never play.
Running through the jungle where the sun don't shine,
All I do is double time.

Up in the morning and out of the rack,
Grab my clothes and put them on my back.
Running cross the desert in the shifting sand,
Drill Sergeant, look, I need a helping hand.

Up in the morning with a whistle and a yell —
I know that voice and I know it well.
Drill Sergeant says you better hit the floor,
And don't be walking going out the door.

I like (women/men) and I like wine,
But all I do is double time.
Double time here and double time there,
Man this life, it's the best anywhere.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

TINY BUBBLES (Quick Time)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*Your left, your left,
Your left, right, left,
Your left, your left,
Your left, right, left.*

Tiny bubbles in my beer
Make me happy while I'm here.

Tiny bubbles in my glass
Make me happy, full of sass.

Tiny bubbles to the top,
I'm so full I could pop.

Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

FORT JACKSON'S NUMBER ONE (Double Time)

Fort Jackson soldier is Number One,
We run two miles just for fun.
Make three miles, it's getting right —
We run until we're out of sight.

Hey, hey, Fort Benning, you can hide your face,
Because Fort Jackson will set the pace.
Fort McClellan can hide-em, too,
Because Fort Jackson's gonna breeze by you.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Fort Jackson, South Carolina*

MARINES VS. ARMY **(Double Time)**

I don't know but I been told,
The Marine Corps thinks it's mighty bold.
They don't know what the Army can do,
We are proud of our history too.

Our looks and style may not be smooth,
But man, you oughta see this Army move!
Look to your left and what do you see?
A bunch of jar heads looking at me.

Sing it out and sing it loud,
I'm a soldier and I'm mighty proud.

Ft. Benning, Georgia

ARMY LIFE (Quick Time)

Oh, I joined the Army ranks
Just so I could see a tank.

Oh, I left a nagging wife
Just to lead this Army life.

Oh, this Army is for me —
It's the only place to be.

You know this Army life is best —
It's made to put you to the test.

Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,

Whoa, whoa-----whoa, whoa

I used to have the high school queen,
Now I've got an M16.

I used to drive a Chevrolet,
Now I'm running everyday.

I used to love my high school queen,
Now I'm wearing this Army green.

Sgt. Ray Smith, Ft. Lewis, Washington

The two following marching chants exemplify the natural variations that develop when cadences are passed by word of mouth. Even more competition and good-natured rivalry occurs between members of the Marine Corp and Army. Both of these selections are adaptations from the nursery rhyme "Old King Cole." For each call, the chorus is repeated by trainees. As the song progresses, different answers are shouted by changing ranks.

* **CHESTY PULLER (Marching)**

Chesty Puller was a good Marine, and a good Marine
was he.

He called for his knife and he called for his bow,
And he called for his **privates three**.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates (CHANGE
Ranks)

"Merry men are we,
There's none so fair that can compare with Marine
Corps Infantry."

Corporals Three

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Sergeants Three

"Get that squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Louies Three

(High-pitched voice) "We do all the work," said the
louies.

"Get the squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Captains Three

"Shine my boots and brass," said the captains.

"We do all the work," said the louies.

"Get that squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Majors Three

"How 'bout junk on the bunk," said the major.

"Shine my boots and brass," said the captains.

"We do all the work," said the louies.

"Get that squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Colonels Three

"How 'bout a three day pass," said the colonels.

"How 'bout junk on the bunk," said the majors.

"Shine my boots and brass," said the captains.

"We do all the work," said the louies.

"Get that squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals.

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

Generals Three

"War, War, War," said the generals.

"How 'bout a three day pass," said the colonels.

"How 'bout junk on the bunk," said the majors.

"Shine my boots and brass," said the captains.

"We do all the work," said the louies.

"Get that squad in step," said the sergeants.

"We don't give a darn," said the corporals,

"Booze, booze, booze," said the privates.

"Merry old men are we,

There's none so fair that can compare with Marine
Corps Infantry."

* The U. S. Marine Corps has always maintained a strong *esprit de corps*. General Lewis B. (Chesty) Puller exemplifies this pride and patriotism.

This Army version of "Chesty Puller" is chanted in the same manner.

OLD KING COLE (Marching)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his **privates three**.

"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates.

"Fighting men are we.

There's none so fair that can compare with the
Airborne Infantry."*

**Other units may use their own name.*

Corporals Three

"Where's my pass," said the corporals.

Sergeants Three

"Work, work, work," said the sergeants.

Louies Three

"What'll we do now," said the louies.

Captains Three

"Take that hill," said the captains.

Majors Three

"Cover my tracks," said the majors.

Colonels Three

"Fight, fight, fight," said the colonels.

Generals Three

"Win, win, win," said the generals.

(Repeated verses progressing at the end)

Fighting men are we,

There's none so fair that can compare with the
Airborne Infantry.

LIZA JANE (Marching)

I gotta gal who lives on a hill —

Oh, Little Liza, Little Liza Jane.

She won't do it but her sister will —

Little Liza Jane.

Whoa-oh-oh-oh Little Liza, Little Liza Jane

Oh, Little Liza, Little Liza Jane.

I gotta gal in Lackawanna —

Oh, Little Liza, Little Liza Jane.

She knows how but she don't wanna —

Little Liza Jane.

Whoa-oh-oh-oh Little Liza, Little Liza Jane

Oh, Little Liza, Little Liza Jane.

Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

FOX TROT SONG

Leader: We've got it.

Group: We've got it.

Leader: We've got it.

Group: We've got it.

All: (Spell) F-O-X-T-R-O-T

All: If you want to know
How to get hep,
How to get groovy, Hey! Hey! Hey!
You've just got to get in step,
Hey! Hey! Hey!

Chorus: The foxtrots, the foxtrots are so fine,
The foxtrots, the foxtrots are on time.
Morning, Noon and Night (You better
believe it)
The foxtrots are out of sight!

All: If you want to know
How to be the best,
Get on the go, Hey! Hey! Hey!
You've just got to pass that test,
Hey! Hey! Hey!

Chorus: Repeat.

Midge Cornell, Ft. Lewis, Washington

PT

Your eyes are right,
Your pants are tight,
Your packs are swinging
From left to right.
SOUND OFF!

Do not worry,
Do not fret,
Tell your sergeant
And let him sweat.
SOUND OFF!

Bill Cave, Summerland Key, Florida

FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR AWAY (Marching)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*She wore it for her trainee (lover) who was far, far away
Far away, far away.*

'Round her hair she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the winter and the merry month
of May.

And when you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for her trainee (lover) who was far,
far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the springtime, in the merry month
of May.

And when you asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She pushed it for her trainee (lover) who was far,
far away.

Behind the door her daddy had a shotgun,
He had it in the springtime, in the merry month of
May.

And when you asked him why the hell he had it,
He had it for that trainee (lover) who was far,
far away.

The first verse of this cadence was developed from a song copyrighted by Leo Feist, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. in 1917. Later the remaining two stanzas were added and troops marched in tune with the rhythm.

WHAT THE ARMY'S DONE TO ME (Quick Time)

CHORUS (Between all verses):

*Oh, oh, oh, oh,
Oh, oh, we got to go,
Oh, oh, oh yeah
Oh, oh, oh, oh.*

Joined the Army to get a degree
And now I've got my Ph.D.

Momma, momma, can't you see
What this Army is doing for me?

They took away my faded jeans,
Now I'm wearing Army green.

They took away my gin and rum,
Now I'm up before the sun.

Thought I'd get to have some fun,
Now all I do is shoot my gun.

Joined the Army to get in shape,
Now all I do is hurry and wait.

Used to drive a Chevrolet,
Now I'm walking all the way.

Used to drive a Cadillac,
Now I pack it on my back.

Captain, Captain, can't you see
What this Army's doing to me?

Soldier, Soldier, don't be blue,
The Army's gonna take care of you.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

MARINE

You can keep your Army khaki
And your Navy blues,
Because there's a different kind of fighting man
I'll introduce you to.
His uniform is different,
The finest ever seen.
The Germans called him Devil Dogs,
His real name is Marine.
He was born at Parris Island,
The land that God forgot,
The sand was eighteen inches deep,
The sun was blazing hot.
He'd walk a hundred miles or more —
Before the day is done.

U.S. Marine Corps, Quantico, Virginia

EENY MEANY MINY MOE (Marching)

Eeny, meany miny moe	Drill Instructor
Your left, your right, your left	Trainee
Let's go back and count some more	DI
Your left, your right, your left	Trainee
Singing left right	DI
Left, right	Trainee
All night	DI
All night	Trainee

Kick cadence count

DI

Oh baby, 1, 2, 3, 4, up on your left

Up on your left

Up on your left, your right, your left, your right,
your left, hey

Trainee

Ft. Polk, Louisiana

DOUBLE TIME RUN (Double Time)

Double time, double time up the hill,
Everybody gonna get a two mile thrill.

Double time, double time everyone will,
Everybody gonna get their fill.

Double time, double time, two miles long,
How in the hell can we go wrong?
Double time, double time to this song,
Everybody's gonna make it strong.

Double time, double time, going strong,
Who ever thought we could run so long?
Double time, double time, all the way,
We get up and run all day.

Double time, double time, love it, too,
We can run the whole day through.
Double time, everybody's having fun,
We can't wait for the four mile run!

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

WAY OUT FRONT

Way out front, tell me what do you see?
Scout platoon from CSC.

AT, AT, GSR won't be behind them very far.

_____ platoon will be in the rear,
Bringing in smoke both far and near.

_____ platoon will do the best —
They support us with the rest.

Way out front, tell me what do you see?

Bear track, bear track looking back at me.

Must be Bravo, the king of the bear,

Leaving that bear stuff everywhere.

They're big around the middle, small across the
rump —

They can run but they sure can't jump.

Sgt. Ray Smith, Ft. Lewis, Washington

COUNT CADENCE DELAY CADENCE (Marching)

Leader

Count cadence, delay cadence,
count cadence

Group

(as left foot
strikes ground)

Count

One!

Can't hear you

Two!

Little louder

Three!

Every b-o-d-y

Four!

All together

One!

Hit it

Two!

Hit it

Three!

Hit it

Four!

NOW

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!
ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

*Drill Sergeant School, 104th Division, Ft. Lewis,
Washington*

MEAN FIRST SERGEANT

Woke up this morning 'bout a quarter to four,
Couldn't believe what I saw as I stood in the door.
My first Sergeant with his feet on his desk,
Had the LT in the front leaning rest.

Hey, First Sergeant, can't you see?
This little run ain't nothing to me.
Hey, First Sergeant, you're turning green,
Must be what's in your canteen.

*SSG McMahon, B Co., 3/66, 2d Armored Division,
1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

MY GIRL'S A PRETTY GIRL

(Quick Time)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
But I'll buy her anything
To keep her in style.

My girl's a pretty girl,
She is a city girl.

She has a head of hair
Just like a grizzly bear.

She has a pair of eyes
Just like two custard pies.

She has a long, long nose
Just like a garden hose.

She has a pair of lips
Just like potato chips.

She has a pointed chin
Just like a safety pin.

She has a pair of thighs
Just like railroad ties.

She had a pair of hips
Just like two battleships.

She has a pair of knees
Just like the summer breeze.

She has a pair of feet
Just like a parakeet.

SFC Jim Gray, ROTC Instructor, Radford, Virginia

ARMY BOOTS MADE FOR WALKIN' (Quick Time)

These boots were made for walkin'
And that's just what they'll do.
If all you're doing is markin' time
They'll walk all over you.

These guns were made for shootin'
And that's just what they'll do.
And if we get the mission
We'll drill a hole in you.

This Army's trained for fightin'
And that's just what we'll do.
If you pick a fight with us,
We'll walk all over you.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

One of the cadences adapted from a popular song in the sixties — “These Boots Were Made for Walking” recorded by Nancy Sinatra.

STOP---LOOK---LISTEN

(Quick Time)

Hey, drill sergeant, can't you see
What this ruck sack's doing to me?
Stop----look----listen, here comes the mighty_____
Stop----look----listen.

We got a big road march coming up today,
We gotta make it all the way.
Stop----look----listen, here comes the mighty_____
Stop----look----listen.

PRETTIEST GIRL (Quick Time)

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw.
Her hair was blonde, her eyes were green,
The prettiest girl I've ever seen.
I walked right up, I sat right down
And then I asked for another round.
I placed my hand upon her thigh,
She said, “GI, you're much too high.”
I picked her up, I layed her down,
Her golden hair lay all around.
The wedding was a formal one,

Her daddy had a big shotgun.
And now I've got a mother-in-law
With fourteen kids who call me pa.
The moral of the story is clear —
Instead of bourbon, stick to beer.

SGT Max Woodlee (Retired), Ft. Lewis, Washington

YELLOW BIRD

A yellow bird with a yellow bill
Was sitting on my window sill.
I lured him in with a piece of bread
And then I smashed his little head.
The doctor came to check his head,
“Indeed,” he said, “the bird is dead.”

EVERYWHERE WE GO (Marching)

†
Everywhere we go,
People want to know
Who we are
So we tell them
We are Bravo,
Big, Bad Bravo,
Better than Alpha,
Awful, Awful Alpha,
Better than Charley,
Chicken, chicken Charley,
Better than Delta,
Dumb, dumb Delta,
Better than Echo,
Icky, icky Echo.
We are Bravo,

Rough, tough Bravo,
Lean, mean Bravo.

SGT Max Woodlee (Retired), Ft. Lewis, Washington

I'M NOT . . .

I don't know, but I think I might,
Jump from an airplane, while in flight.
Got three kids, gonna have three more,
Two on the ground and one in the door.
I'm not the preacher, or the preacher's son,
But I'll take the money 'til the preacher comes.
I'm not the butcher, or the butcher's son,
But I'll do the killing, 'til the butcher comes.
I'm not the mama or the mama's son,
But I'll do the lovin', 'til the mama-son comes.

*HQ. 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks,
Hawaii*

I CAN RUN

Up in the mornin' 'bout a quarter to three,
My First Sergeant was bringin' heat.
Had NCO's all around his desk,
And a full Bird Colonel in the leanin' rest.
First Sergeant, First Sergeant, can't you see?
You can't bring no smoke on me!
I can run to Denver running like this,
All the way to "D" town running like this.

How about L.A. running like this,
All the way to California running like this,
I can run to Kansas City running like this,
All the way to Chiefs Town running like this.

*SFC G. L. Cook, EO NCO, HQ. 3d Brigade, 4th
Infantry Division (Mechanized), Ft. Carson, Colorado*

HONEY BABE #1

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Honey, oh baby, be mine.

Go to your left, your right, your left.

Go to your left, your right, your left, hey!

You get a line and I'll get a pole,

Honey, honey.

You get a line and I'll get a pole,

Babe, babe.

You get a line and I'll get a pole —

We'll go down to the crawdad hole.

I had a girl who lived on a creek,

Honey, honey.

I had a girl who lived on a creek,

Babe, babe.

I had a girl who lived on a creek —

She was ugly but she sure was sweet.

I had a girl, looked good in blue,

Honey, honey.

I had a girl, looked good in blue,

Babe, babe.

I had a girl, looked good in blue,

She could make a fool of you.

HONEY BABE #2

CHORUS (Same as previous)

I've got a gal in New Orleans

Honey, Honey

I've got a gal in New Orleans

Babe, Babe

I've got a gal in New Orleans,

Told her bye and joined the Marines,

Honey, oh Baby, Mine.

I've got a gal nine feet tall

Honey, Honey

I've got a gal nine feet tall

Babe, Babe

I've got a gal nine feet tall,

Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

Honey, oh Baby, Mine.

Don Nelson (ex-Marine) San Manuel, Arizona

ONE MILE, NO SWEAT

One mile no sweat,

Two miles better yet,

Three miles think about it,

Four miles thought about it,

Five miles feeling good like I should,

In my legs,

In my head,

In my chest,

Feeling good,

Super troop.

*SFC G. L. Cook, EO NCO, HQ. 3d Brigade, 4th
Infantry Division (Mechanized), Ft. Carson, Colorado*

HELLO JOSEPHINE (Marching)

Hello Josephine,
How do you do?
Do you remember me baby,
Like I remember you?
You used to live over yonder
By the railroad tracks,
And everytime it rained,
You used to call my name.
We used to meet by the lake,
You'd make my poor heart ache.
And by that old moon light,
You'd always hold me tight.
Used to meet by the stream,
And how we'd always dream.
And when we'd meet at night,
You'd always treat me right.
And when the moon would shine,
We used to wine and dine.
Hello Josephine,
How do you do?
Do you remember me baby —
Like I remember you?

Drill Sergeants School, Ft. Dix, New Jersey

ALPHABET (Quick Time)

AB, CDE Delta Company's where I want to be.
FG, HIJ, look out Army 'cause I'm here to stay.
My boots are clean — they're shining bright,
I know I'm looking out of sight.

Who's that, who's that?
Who's that sounding so bad? (hey)
Delta, delta, delta, delta is sounding so bad.

KL, MNO everybody is wanting to know
Who's that company out on the go?
PQ, RST everybody wants to be like me —
This is the Delta company can't you see!

Who's that, who's that?
Who's that sounding so bad? (hey)
Delta, delta, delta, delta is sounding so bad.

SFC Jim Gray, ROTC Instructor, Radford, Virginia

BODY ROCK

People in the front, do you want to funk say!!
Don't stop your body Rock!
People in the middle do you want to wiggle say!!
Don't stop your body Rock!
People in the end do you want get-down say!!
Don't stop your body Rock!
Say WHAT?
Don't stop your body ROCK!

*SFC G. L. Cook, EO NCO, HQ. 3d Brigade, 4th
Infantry Divison (Mechanized), Ft. Carson, Colorado*

UP EVERY MORNING

(Quick Time)

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Soldier, soldier, where do you roam?
On the streets of Fort _____--far, far
from home.

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Soldier, soldier, where have you been?
Out to the rifle range and back again.

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Soldier, soldier, where can you run?
All over Fort _____, doing it for fun.

Up on your left foot, down on your right,
Up every morning, out late at night.
Soldier, soldier, what do you see?
I see a Drill Sergeant staring back at me.

*Victory Academy, U.S. Army Drill Sergeant School,
Ft. Jackson, South Carolina*

MICHAEL

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

1, 2, 3, 4,

1, 2, Give me some more.

5, 6, 7, 8,

We're gonna jog thru the pearly gate.

I don't like it no way,
I'm gonna run 'til judgement day.
If that judgement day don't come,
I'm gonna run and run and run.

Devil don't like it, that's no lie,
That's 'cause we just passed him by.
Left him in the dirt, that's true —
That's why he is feelin' blue.

Gabriel is blowing reveille,
But we're already doing PT.
Angel Michael is having FUN,
'Cause he's the one leading this run.

*2 Lt. Michael J. Hall, AG, 11th Co., 1st Bn.,
1st edition "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

CHAPTER FOUR

Am I right or am I wrong?
Each of us is tough and strong.
We guard the ground, the sea, the sky,
Ready to fight, willing to die.

*(Selection of Armor, Artillery, Air Force, Infantry,
Airborne, Aviation, Air Assault, and other related
chants.)*

DO IT RIGHT

When you're feeling down and blue,
Amyl Nitrate is the one for you.

When you're twitching on the ground,
Combo pin will be the one to pound.

Check your mask, make sure it fits,
Carbon monoxide will get your stick.

So keep in mind the lessons told,
So you'll be here when it unfolds.

Now if you think that this is a joke,
Just look upon the ones that — broke.

And if that's not the one for you,
Take a look at the Can Point, too.

And when that truck of yours don't run,
That is really not much fun.

So when you're working late at night,
You'll remember to do it right.

*Ssg Williard Newcomer, SVC, 1/92d Field Artillery,
2d Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls,"
Ft. Hood, Texas*

AROUND THE WORLD

Out in the bushes, out in the field,
Riding my cannon and slinging steel.
Don't you dare call me Infantry,
Call me Third Artillery.

Riding tall and looking good,
From Gettysburg to Belleau Wood.
Vicksburg, Rheinland, Philippines,
Eighteen Fourteen in New Orleans.

Mississippi, China, and Mexico,
Ain't no place that the Third won't go.
Everybody knows we're King of the Hill,
Ready to fight and we're ready to kill.

*Cpt. Michael Combest, C Co., 1/3d FA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

DIV-ARTY

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Up in the morning, out too soon,
Run ten miles before it gets noon.
This is the way we start the day,
DivArty, DivArty, all the way!

Two tons of tingle, two tons of fun,
DivArty soldiers love to run.
Shooting rounds at the break of day,

You know what the sergeants say.
Grab for gusto, sell your soul,
RDP's, blasting caps, fire in the hole.
Early in the morning with the rising sun,
It's DivArty Daddy on a four mile run.
A gallon of whiskey, a gallon of wine,
Working it off at double time.
Radial boots and blood in his eyes,
It's DivArty Daddy passing by.
Kick it in to passing gear,
End of the run is drawing near.
When it's over let me do it again —
Four miles out and four miles in.
DivArty Daddy lean and mean —
DivArty, DivArty, the running machine!

*HQ 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks,
Hawaii*

GUNNER'S CHANT

I was born with a lanyard in my hand,
I'm a real straight shooter, I'm a gunnin' man.
They call me Cannon Cocker, and I'm number one,
I'm a '55 baby, I'm a son of a gun.

Give me a 'jo and a long tube gun,
And I'll put the enemy on the run.
Ain't nobody as bad as me,
I'm First of the Third Artillery.

*Cpt. Michael Combest, C Co., 1/3d FA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

RED LEGS

Hold your head and keep it high,
The mailed fist is passing by.
We're the ones with the guns,
With Red Legs bright as the sun's.
With cannons that shoot tons,
Keep those Commies on the run.

Hold your head and keep it high,
The 92d's passing by.
Artillery 8 inch, Artillery for the pinch,
Artillery for support, Artillery for sport.
Hold your head and keep it high,
Those mighty Brave Cannons are passing by.

*2Lt. David Armour, SVC Battery, 1/92d FA, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

ARTILLERY #2

Mama, oh mama, now can you see?
They put me in the Artillery.
Men of war with their heads held high,
They're ready to fight, they're willing to die.

Papa, oh papa, say have you heard?
The general went and put me down in the third.
They've got fist of iron and nerves of steel,
If the "quick" don't get you, then the Arty's will.

Tell my baby to forget about me,
I've got a new lover, the Artillery.
Tell my baby not to feel blue,
Tell her to join the Artillery, too.

Cpt. Michael Combest, C C., 1/3 FA, 2d Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas

KING OF BATTLE

Up jumped the dusty cannoneers,
There were real mean ones, just ask their peers.
They were killers, you could see,
But they gave the battle some dignity.

They lined fifty cannons up against the hill,
Bet twenty dollars they could fire them with skill.
They fired forty-eight 'til their hands were blue,
They jumped back, did push-ups, fired the other two.

They can shoot, move, and communicate,
'Cause they're the pride of the First and
Seventy-eighth.

Now their backbones are hard as rock,
They can pump projo's around the clock.

Load that projo and that powder,
Make that blast sound a little louder.
In the battle all will see,
The king of battle is Field Artillery.

*1/78 Field Artillery, 2d Armored Division, 1st edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

UP JUMPED A SOLDIER

Up jumped a soldier from a powder pit,
Said when it comes to fighting, you know I'm fit.
He lined a hundred fighters up against a wall,
Said I bet five dollars, I can beat 'em all.

Well, he beat ninety-seven, then he fell to one knee,
Looked around, turned around, beat the other three.
When he died, he went straight to hell,
He beat up the devil and his demons as well.

On his tombstone, written in green,
It says, "Here Lies a Hard-charging Soldier
Machine."

*Cpt. Michael Combest, C Co., 1/3 FA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

FIELD ARTILLERY

M109 rolling down the trail,
Look at the commies turning tail.
HE 1CM raining down,
WP burning all around.

If these shells are not enough,
Then the artillery will have to get rough.
If the enemy wants to die,
Atomic wisdom is our reply.

Watch 109 as it fires a round,
Feel the impact shake the ground.
Suppression, destruction, obscuration, too,
There isn't much that we can't do.

It's our preps and deadly fire,
That is maneuvers great desire.
Mixed with infantry, planes and tanks,
We're the punch in the combined arms ranks.

*1/78 Field Artillery, 2d Armored Division, 1st edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

HISTORY LESSON

Gunners, Gunners, listen to me,
While I tell you about 3d Artillery.

Since we began in 1794,
No other artillery battalion has ever done more.

In 1812 we bloodied the British at Washington.
Fifty years later we fought at Bull Run.

Steadfast and true during the war with Mexico,
We lost, then regained our colors against the
Seminole.

We were there in France during World War I,
Before that, we fired on Peking during the Boxer
Rebellion.

Gunners, Gunners, listen to me,
True to our cannons, we'll always be.

Gunners, Gunners, can't you see?
No one is better than you and me.

*Cpt. Michael Combest, C Co., 1/3 FA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

REDLEG RUNNING SONG

(Running)

Do your job now, do it right.
You'll go home, see Momma tonight.
Mess around, don't do your work.
Call you in, call you a jerk.
Artillery is the branch for me,
Other guys go Infantry.

Grunts walk hard and they walk far,
In Artillery we ride by car.
Gunner, A.G., Number One,
All Cannoneers, we all like guns.
Close the breech and pull the string,
Man that '05 sure can sing.
F.O. says first rounds look bad,
Check your sights, see what you had.
FDC will slip their sticks,
Two more rounds now, make it quick.
F.O. says those rounds were close,
Six more rounds, we'll drink a toast.
FDC sends a new QE,
Fire for effect with the Battery.
F.O. says those rounds were fine,
Let's go home and drink some wine.
105 going down the range,
Red hot steel makes you feel strange.
Hit you high and hit you low,
Try to hide, ain't no where to go.
Here we go, all the way,
All the way, Redleg . . .

*Ssg Caldwell, 260th F.A.D. 1st Aviation Brigade,
2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

I AM AIR DEFENSE ARTILLERY (Marching)

Air Defense Artillery,
Patch on my shoulder.
Jump on your Vulcan and follow me,
I am Air Defense Artillery.

If I go to Singapore,
Tell 'em what I went there for.
And if I go to China-town,
Tell 'em I don't mess around.

Air Defense Artillery,
Patch on my shoulder.
Jump on your Chap and follow me,
I am Air Defense Artillery.

If I go to Iran,
Tell 'em that I got my man.
And if I go to Vietnam,
Tell 'em that I love my mom.

Air Defense Artillery,
Patch on my shoulder.
Jump on your FAAR and follow me,
I am Air Defense Artillery.

*1Lt. Scot W. Poorman. D Battery, 2/5 ADA, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

AIR DEFENSE ARTILLERY VS. AIRBORNE

Stand up, hook up, shuffle to the door,
Jump right out and count to four.
Don't you bother to count to five,
You won't get to the ground alive.

Airborne soldier looking down,
At the ADA on the ground.
Vulcan, Chaparral, REDEYE too,
ADA will do a job on you.

So if you want to save your life,
Staty at home with Jody and your wife.

*Maj. David Burpee, HHB, 2/5 ADA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

ARMOR IS A WALL OF STEEL

Armor is a wall of steel
That faces every foe.
No kin can find an equal
To Armor's mighty role.

Tradition is another name
For Cav's illustrious creed.
The Cavalry's ever noted
In Army's foremost deeds.

Just as we proudly choose
Our nation's honored banner,
So Armor is our place to serve
In Army's highest manner.

Our country is our duty,
Our people are our trust.
We'll always go with Armor
To end dictators' lusts.

*James L. Molloy, "Jody Calls," August, 1976, Ft.
Knox, Kentucky*

ARMOR

CHORUS

*One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three sixty-six is ready,
And we're on the go.*

Up in the morning at the crack of dawn,
Shined my boots 'fore I put 'em on.
Day uniform is squared away,
Now I'm ready to start my day.

Took my M-16 to the G-3 test,
Did real good, but not my best.
I cleaned my chamber and the bore,
Now I'm ready for the game called war.

Sergeant said, "You're on lane four,
Set that lever on 'rock and roll.'
Zero on the target and knock it down.
Watch out for that hot, brass round."

All the way it's a ten mile march,
First Sergeant said we would walk, walk, walk.
We walked all day and part of the night,
When I hit the sack, I'll be feeling all right.

*PFC Glenn F. Napier, HHC, 3/66 Armor, 2D
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

Still one more example of the versatility of chants, this one is called to the popular tune of "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon . . ." (see page 57)

SHE WORE A BLACK BERET

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Far away, far away,

She wore it for her tanker who was far, far away.

Atop her head she wore a black beret,
She wore a black beret in the merry month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for her tanker who was far, far away.

Around her neck she wore a yellow kerchief,
She wore a yellow kerchief in the merry month of
May.

And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for her tanker who was far, far away.

Across her chest she wore crossed sabers,
She wore them in the springtime in the merry month
of May.

And if you asked her why the hell she wore them,
She wore them for her Cav man who was far, far
away.

Upon her feet she wore a pair of boots,
She wore them in the springtime in the merry month
of May.

And if you asked her why the hell she wore them,
She wore them for her tanker who was far, far away.

Company B, 2d Battalion, Lightning Brigade, "Jody Calls," August, 1976, Ft. Knox, Kentucky

THE SPIRIT OF CAVALRY

Scouts out front and mortars to the rear,
Shillelagh missile gonna make 'em fear.
No other unit you'll ever see,
Has the spirit of the Cavalry.

Load up, mount up, move to the field,
Cavalry is the Army's shield.
No other unit could ever have,
The fighting spirit of the Cav.

Daytime, night-time, anytime at all,
The Cav can answer freedom's call.
It ain't no bull, it ain't no lie.
The spirit of the Cav will never die.

*Troop E, 2d Squadron, 6th Cavalry, "Jody Calls,"
August, 1976, Ft. Knox, Kentucky*

THESE BOOTS . . . ARMOR

These boots were made for walkin',
And that's just what they'll do,
If you pick a fight with us,
They'll walk all over you.

These tanks were made for drivin',
And that's just what they'll do,
Give us half a reason, and
We'll drive 'em over you.

The Cav was made for ridin',
and that's just what we'll do.
If you need a bruisin',
We'll cruise all over you.

These tracks were made for layin',
And that's just what they'll do.
You better start a-prayin',
Or we'll put 'em down on you.

These guns were made for shootin',
And that's just what they'll do.
If we get the mission,
We'll drill a hole in you.

These birds were made for flyin',
And that's just what they'll do.
If you keep on lyin',
We'll fly them over you.

This Army's made for fightin',
And that's just what we'll do.
If you pick a fight with us,
We'll walk all over you.

*John McClelland, "Jody Calls," August, 1976, Ft.
Knox, Kentucky*

MECHANIZED WARRIORS

One one three rollin' down the trail,
Mechanized Warriors made of solid steel.

Headspace set and the timings just right,
The fifty gunner's ready and we're looking for a fight.

Contact made, we maneuver to the right,
Wouldn't you know it's the middle of the night.

Action is heavy but we've seen worse,
Straight, Stalwart, Mechanized, One-forty-first.

The sun finally shows what we all know,
They sent their best, they failed like the rest.

*PFC Sankey, B C., 1/41 Infantry, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

MECHANIZED INFANTRY

I don't know but I've been told,
Dolphin Spirit's good as gold.
Run all day and fight all night,
Up again at first day light.

We don't mind it, no way,
This is the way we start our day.
Dodging bullets and chewing nails,
Bravo Company's tough as Hell.

113s roll across the land,
Mechanized grunts gonna make a stand.
Overwatch your buddy to the bottom of the hill,
Attack the objective and make a kill.

Mobile foxholes are the only way.
Cover sixty miles in a single day.
Easy on your feet and you'll learn to say,
Mechanized Infantry all the way.

*Lt. Collier, B Co., 1/50, 2d Armored Division, 1st
edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

THE CREW

TC, TC, don't be slow,
THREAT puts on a mighty fine show.

GUNNER fire your sabot round,
Tonight's your night in Hoffen Town.

LOADER load an H.E.P.,
Kills the troops that you can't see.

DRIVER left, Driver right,
Keep your target in open sight.

TANKERS old, Tankers new,
We are part of a darn good crew.

*A Co., 3/66 Armor, 2d Platoon, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

AIR FORCE BASIC

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Am I right or wrong? You're right!
Ain't we going strong? You're right!
Sound off — One, two, three, four
One, two-----three, four.

Basic, basic don't feel blue,
Six more weeks and you'll be through.
When you get there you will know
The Air Force is the way to go.

Look up, look up in the sky,
F-15 goes flying by.
Joined the Force to wear the blue
So I can fly an Eagle too!

*United States Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs,
Colorado*

POP! GOES THE WEASEL

All around the SAM site
The missile chased the weasel.
The weasel got missed, the SAM got zapped,
Pop! Goes the weasel.

Ladyfingers did their jobs
And more than just to tease them.
The Russian techs got all teed off,
Pop! Goes the weasel.

An adaptation to the popular song of childhood,
“Pop! Goes the Weasel!”

*United States Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs,
Colorado*

AIR FORCE

F-15 rolling down the strip,
Eagle driver gonna take a little trip.
Rev it up, taxi up, count to four,
Push the throttle forward and hear the engines roar.

Thirty thousand feet up in the air,
Flying this baby is a natural high.

Took a look at six o'clock and what did I see,
A Mig-21 was coming after me.
Pulled it up, rolled it out much to his surprise,
Should've seen the look in that turkey's eyes.

Got behind him, set my sights, let my missile fly,
Blew that twenty-one out of the sky.
When you see an Eagle driver he will say,
"Flying and fighting is the Air Force way."

*United States Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs,
Colorado*

OCS

Hail, hail OCS,
You look at us — you see the best.
Hail, hail Infantry,
Queen of Battle, follow me.
Up in the morning and out of the rack,
You're greeted by your friendly TAC.
Drop down — give me ten!
Too slow — do it again!
Hail, hail OCS,
You look at us — you see the best.
Hail, hail Infantry,
Grab your rifle, follow me.

James H. Lutz, Toronto, Canada

This was a popular cadence during Infantry OCS at Ft. Benning in 1970. A "TAC" was the Tactical Officer in charge of the unit.

INFANTRY

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

OH-OH-OH-OH

Oh Lord I want to go,

OH-OH-OH-OH

Oh Lord I want to go.

I say the field is pretty rough,
That's why the Army is mighty tough.
We're combat ready everyday,
That's how we earn our monthly pay.

I say we train pretty hard,
Your safety we will guard.
People, people can't you see,
That we are the unit called Infantry.

Everyday we run PT,
They run the sweat right out of me.
I say we run a country mile,
But we all finish with a great big smile.

You know this country's in a jam,
That's why we work for Uncle Sam.
To keep this country safe and free,
So we can live in Liberty.

*Sp4 Evelyn T. Glenn, HHC, 1st Brigade, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

AIRBORNE VS. STRAIGHT LEG

Airborne, "straight leg," which is best?
AIRBORNE! AIRBORNE! YES! YES! YES!

Airborne, "straight leg," what-a-ya-say?
We're goin' Airborne all the way.

Battle cry of the "straight leg" Corps —
Had some leave and need some more.

8th Airborne Corps, Fort Bragg, North Carolina

**'CAUSE HE'S AIRBORNE, RANGER,
ALL THE WAY (Running)**

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

'Cause he's Airborne, Ranger, all the way!

Jesse James said before he died,
There's four things he wanted to ride.
Bicycle, tricycle, automobile,
A bow-legged horse or a ferris wheel.

Down in the jungle where coconuts grow,
There's a mean motor-scooter called Ranger Joe.
He's in all the way up to his knees —
He's an Airborne Ranger coming through the trees.

Drill Sergeant School, Ft. Dix, New Jersey

JUMP BOOTS

Coon skin and alligator hide,
Makes a pair of jump boots just the right size.

Don't be afraid to put 'em on your feet —
My pair of jump boots can't be beat.

Shine 'em up, lace 'em up, put 'em on your feet,
Brand new jump boots just can't be beat!

*U.S. Army Jump School, Airborne Department, Ft.
Benning, Georgia*

I KNOW A GIRL

I know a girl who lives on the hill —
She won't do it but her sister will.

What's this that her sister will do?
U.S. ARMY AIRBORNE SCHOOL!

*Denise Ownings, A Company, Reserve Unit Training,
Ft. Lewis, Washington*

These three samples of "Airborne" are typical examples of the changes that often occur to cadences over the years. Originally, the C-119 plane model was used; today a C-130 replaces it. It is also of interest that a popular book about soldiers in the Vietnam War is entitled *If I Die In A Combat Zone, Box Me Up And Send Me Home* (Tim O'Brien, Delacorte, 1973) named after the popular verses of Airborne cadences.

AIRBORNE #1

CHORUS (Between all verses)
Use SOUND OFF, etc.

Stand up! Hook up! Stand in the door!
Stood up, then collapsed on the floor.

Jumpmaster picked me up and then
Stood me in the door again.

"Trooper do you mind the drop?"
"No, it's just that sudden stop!"

Jumpmaster tapped me out at last,
Jumped out in the old prop blast.

Fell on down, my mouth open wide,
Couldn't have counted if I tried.

Hit the ground with my feet apart
In my stomach, felt my heart.

Started to drag and then I thought
Cost me ten if I get caught.

Fort Bragg, North Carolina

AIRBORNE #2

C-130 rollin' down the strip,
Airborne daddy gonna take a little trip.
When that plane gets up so high,
Airborne trooper gonna dance in the sky.

Stand up, hook up, shuffle to the door,
Started to jump but I fell on the floor.
They stood me up and pushed me to the door,
I jumped right out and counted to four.

If my main don't open wide
I've got another one by my side.
If that one should fail me too,
Look out below, I'm comin' through.

Slip to your right and slip to your left,
Slip on down and do a PLF.
I hit the drop zone with my feet apart,
Legs in my stomach and feet in my heart.

Lying here, lying there, rollin' in fright,
Wonderin' if this is gonna be my last flight.
Nurse, oh nurse, you look so fine,
Airborne trooper gotta make time.

If I die on the old drop zone,
Box me up and ship me home.
Bury me in the leaning rest,
And tell all the girls I did my best.

If I die on a Korean hill,
Take my watch or the Commies will.
Put my wings upon my chest,
Tell the world I've done my best.

SGM William Lawrence, Ft. Lewis, Washington

AIRBORNE #3

Soldier, soldier, have you heard?
I'm gonna jump from a big iron bird,
Up in the morning in the drizzling rain,
Packed my chute and boarded the plane.

Raining so hard that I couldn't see —
Jumpmaster said, "You can depend on me."

I looked with fear at the open door,
Then I stood up and fainted on the floor.
When I woke up, I was hooked up again,
And that is when I fainted again!

Ft. Benning, Georgia

SPELL AIRBORNE (Double Time)

A — All the way

I — In the sky

R — Running hard

B — Born free

O — On the run
R — Running hard
N — Never stop
E — Ever-ready Airborne
On the run
In the sun
One mile, no sweat,
Two miles, better yet,
Five miles, feeling good,
Ought to be in Hollywood.

SFC Jim Gray, ROTC Instructor, Radford, Virginia

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN (Double Time)

When I get to heaven
St. Peter's gonna say,
"How'd you make your livin',
How'd you earn your way?"

I'll reply with a little bit of anger,
"I earned my way as an airborne ranger,
Blood, guts tough and danger —
Death's no stranger to an airborne ranger."

Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

RANGER

Let it blow, let it blow.
Let the four winds blow
From the East to the West
Airborne Ranger is the best.

Hang your head, hang it low,
If Airborne you didn't go.
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it everywhere we go.
From the East to the West
Airborne Ranger is the best.

*Denise Owings, A Company, Reserve Training, Ft.
Lewis, Washington.*

CHOW (Quick and Double Time)

I don't like it, no way!
Up in the morning before day!
Eat my breakfast too soon!
I'm hungry again before noon!

Went to the mess hall on my knees,
I said, "Mess sergeant, mess sergeant, feed me
please!"

The mess sergeant said with a mighty grin,
"If you wanna be Airborne, you gotta be thin."

Down in the mess hall on my knees,
Nothing to eat but a bowl of beans.
The bread was moldy and the meat was fat —
You know darn well I couldn't eat that.

SGM William Lawrence, Ft. Lewis, Washington

AIRBORNE DADDY

Daddy told Sally not to go downtown,
All that Airborne hanging round.

Sally went ahead and went on down,
Now she's back with her belly round.

Sally's Ma said, "What-cha gonna do?
Me and you Pa can't take care of you."

Sally said "Don't ya worry about me,
My Airborne Daddy can take care of three!"

Drill Sergeants School, Ft. Dix, New Jersey

PATHFINDER

Gonna tell you all a story that is seldom told,
'Bout a mean Pathfinder, you can tell by his clothes.
Gotta grease gun, K-Bar by his side,
These are the weapons that he lives by.

UH-IH, Sitting on the pad,
He gets on, sits down, looking bad.
Look up, standby, sit in the door,
Push yourself out and count to four.
ONE - O, TWO - O, THREE - O, FOUR - O.

I slip to my right and I slip to my left,
I come on down and do a PLF.
Well, I'm the baddest thing that you've ever seen,
I'm an Airborne Pathfinder killing machine.

Walking thru the jungle with my M-16,
I'm the meanest thing that you've ever seen.
Up pops Charlie and what do you know,
I kick that soldier on a Rock and Roll.

*1Lt. Michael W. Sherman, 14th Co., 1st edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

BOLD AVIATION

I don't know but I've been told
Aviators are mighty bold.
Look up high in the sky —
Huey gunships are flying by.

Aeroscouts are in the brush
Cobra snakes are in a rush.
Pilots say it's killing me —
Waiting for the Infantry.

Flat-Iron ships are very well read —
We go where others won't dare to tread.
Cranes go in to pick up the wreck
Where the pilots have hit the deck.

Chinooks are coming with grunts in flight —
They want to hurry and join the fight.
Aviators are mighty bold —
That's the story I've been told.

*Robert A. Sample. 14th Co., 1st Bn, 1st Edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

HUMILITY

Far above all the rest,
Aviators are the best.
True and proven by test,
Aviators above the rest.

Pilots when given any test,
Always prove to be the best.
If you doubt what I say,
Ask a pilot any day.

*64th Co., Class 78-38, 1st edition "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

GREEN FLIGHT

Green Flight, Green Flight, how's your run?
Plenty tough, but lots of fun.
Green Flight, Green Flight, will you fly
In those Hueys, by and by?

Huey, Huey, where've you been?
Down to Cairns and back again.
Huey, Huey, why do you cry?
'Cause these WOCs, I gotta fly.

After nine months of these things,
Get our warrants, get our wings.
With our wings upon our chests,
We will be, "Above the Best!"

Richard L. Scena, MSG, Public Affairs Office, "Jody Calls," 1st Edition, Ft. Rucker, Alabama

64TH COMPANY

Hey, Fort Rucker, have you heard?
I'm gonna fly me a whirly bird.
Preflight, buckle up, lock the door.
Rucker IPs all ask for more.
Can't ever please 'em-always wrong.
So I do PT and sing this song.

Hey, Colonel _____, have you heard?
I'm gonna fly me a whirly bird.
Sixty six hundred, rotor in the green —
Prettiest sight I've ever seen.
I'm gonna make it, filled with pride,
If I get through this next check-ride.

Hey, Colonel _____ , have you heard?
I'm gonna fly me a whirly bird.
Aviation training's number one,
But this PT don't seem like fun.
If this don't kill me, can't you see
Me and PT's partin' company.

Hey, Captain _____ , have you heard?
I'm gonna fly me a whirly bird.
All this working is crazy it sounds,
To one who lifts up nine thousand pounds.
But we're gonna do it, don't you fret,
'Cause 64th Company's the very best yet.

*ORWAC 78-36, 64th Company, "Jody Calls," 1st
Edition, Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

AVIATION VARIETY

OH-58 is really great
But all it is, is widow bait.

The "55" O-H, man alive —
It's the meanest bird alive.

To fly a snake I sure do dread
'Cause I know I'll end up dead.

To see my kids and wife is nice —
For me it's hueys, pigs and rice.

The hook is big and ugly I know —
It's a truckers only way to go.

*Green Flight 78-73, "Jody Calls," 1st Edition, Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

WOP WOP

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Wop, Wop, Didly Wop

Wop, Wop, Wop

Wop, Wop, Didly Wop

Wop, Wop, Wop

Hey, everybody get on your feet,
Hey, everybody listen to the beat.

Boots and saddles everyday,
This is the way we earn our pay.

Crank up the cobras getting ready to fight,
Scouts in the day, blue teams at night.

W-O One hovering down the strip,
Everybody knows this is his first trip.

Hey, everybody take a trip with me,
Down to Rucker where the rides are free.

*Maj. Thomas A. Swindell, D Troop, 2/1 Cavalry, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

AVIATOR

Aviator, Aviator, what do you see?
An infantry unit under me.

Aviator, Aviator, what are you going to do?
Pick some up and get the rest thru.

Aviator, fire your missile on a wire,
Going to give our boys some suppressive fire.

Aviator, Aviator, above the rest,
We'll fly north, south, east, west.

If an enemy round should stop your climb,
Hit your collective and land on a dime.

*Orange Flight 79-5, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

UH-1

UH-1 hovering down the strip,
Airmobile daddy going to take a little trip.
Seat belt flapping in the breeze,
Gonna NOE the Infantry.

UH-1 sitting on the pad,
Crew chief's looking mighty sad.
For he knows he's gonna be sick,
Flying IFR in an out-dated slick!

*Lt. Tyson, 63rd Co. 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

OLD LADY #2

Saw an old lady just the other night,
She had a collective in her left, cyclic in her right.
I said, "Hey, old lady where're you going to?"
She said "Goin' to Fort Rucker Aviation School."

I said, "Hey, old lady what'cha gonna do there?"
She said, "Pull in some pitch and fly thru the air."

I said, "Hey, old lady, now you're too old,
Better leave the flying for the brave and bold."

She said, "Sonny, Sonny, who you talkin' to —
I'm an IP at Aviation School."

*Roger W. Bowser, Royal Blue 78-4, 62d WOC Co.,
1st edition, "Jody Calls", Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

OLD LADY #3

Saw an old lady just the other day,
Took one look, then turned the other way.
I said, "Hey, old lady why don't you look like me?"
She said, "I got hit by a ZSU-23."

I said, "Hey, old lady, where you goin' to?"
She said, "Gonna go back to NOE school."

I said, Hey, old lady, what'd you do when you were
there?"

She said "I gave my IP one hell of a scare!"

*Roger W. Bowser, Royal Blue 78-4, 62d WOC Co.,
1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

OLD LADY #4

Saw an old lady just the other morn,
She said, "Now I know why I was born."
I said, "Hey, old lady just what do you mean?"
She said, "I'm gonna fly a green machine!"
I said, "Old lady why you gonna do that?"
She said to me, "That's where it's at."

*Roger W. Bowser, WOC, Royal Blue 78-47, 62d WOC
Co., 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

AVIATOR

Take me up in my green bird,
It's the best loud sound you ever heard.
Rotor blade goin' round and round,
Fifty feet above the ground.
It's the best sound you ever heard.

Pick it up and put it down,
Aviation's all around.
I can take you to the sky
Or lift you out before you die.
Take me up in my green bird,
It's the best sound you ever heard.

When you need me, I'll be there
To give you cover anywhere.
Anytime both night or day,
Aviation all the way.
Forget about the rest —
We are "Above the Best."

Repeat first verse.

*Cpt. D. J. Tehero, ORWAC Class 78-9,
1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

NIGHT FLIGHT

Jump in, strap in, head for the sky,
Cobras flying in the night.
Dive and climb throughout the flight,
Take them in and keep 'em tight.

Keep the target in the sights,
Grab the trigger and squeeze it tight.
Bullets flying through the night,
Job is done and we're all right.

SP5 Pferdner, 6th Bn., 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama

AIR CAV TROOPER

Hey there, Jody, have you heard?
I'm gonna crew a mean war bird.
Air Cav Trooper in the sky,
Man, you know I'm gonna fly.

Cobra-TOW is mighty fine
Through the trees those rotors whine.
Snake's gotta have its ears and eyes
That is why the Scout crew flies.

O-H Fifty Eight can glide
Through the trees, down the mountain side.
Sneak and peek, never hesitate —
Tanks never see him 'til it's too late.

Scout finds the tanks, calls the Cobra down,
Snake slides along just above the ground.
Up through the trees, it's a deadly thing —
Tankers gonna die when they feel its sting.

I like it here on the Air Cav side.
My trade mark is "Guts and Pride."
Can you do it? Can you pass the test?
And be like me, "Above the Best."

Cpt. James B. Norwood, 41st Co., 4th Bn., 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama

STUDENT

Down the runway headed high
Comes a student about to fly —
When you look into the sky,
A Rucker flyer passes by.

Run and ring the warning bell,
It's a student can't you tell?
They may graduate someday —
Then be entitled to that pay.

*Cpt. Park, Class 78-44, 64th Co., 1st edition "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

TRANSITION

I started in a fifty-five,
Look out for that mutha in a dive.
To fly it is to me a joy —
It's more than just a tinker toy.
Am I right or wrong, the course is just too long.
Sound off, sound off, check your mags.
1, 2, 3, 4 1, 2-----3, 4

Right now I'm in a fifty-eight —
I wonder what I did to rate.
This offspring of a Huey, too —
Oh well, to me it's something new.
Am I right or wrong, this will be my song.
Sound off, sound off, dump your nose.
1, 2, 3, 4 1, 2-----3, 4

When I grow up I'd like to fly
A long sleek Cobra through the sky.
I'd roll it out on Matteson Range,
Hit a steer or two just for a change.
Am I right or wrong, it will ring your gong.
Sound off, sound off, check your guns.
1, 2, 3, 4 1, 2-----3, 4

And then when I get old and grey,
To drive Chinooks would be OK.
I'd do my thing without a fuss —
And show them it's not just a bus.
Am I right or wrong, straight and level I belong.
Sound off, sound off, cargo check.
1, 2, 3, 4 1, 2-----3, 4

*Hanchey Division, Dept. of Flight Training, 1st
edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

WARRANT OFFICER CANDIDATES

Whoa you soldiers,
Forward in bravery,
We're the best without debate —
Warrant Officer Candidates.

Whoa you soldiers,
Pick up your flight bag
And we will soar —
We'll fly for the Medical Corps.

*CW2 Rick Hults, NBC Instructor, Ft. Rucker,
Alabama*

GOLDEN HAWK

Hawks we know, are birds of grace . . .
They have the right to all airspace.
To see them fly with speed and beat
If you move too slow they'll snag your feet.

These are words of mighty wit . . .
When you see them, you'd better git.
Bringing death from high above —
The hawks are swift, they show no love.

Now if you think that it's a lie,
Try your luck and it's goodbye.
We're on the go and above the best —
The Golden Hawks will never rest.

*SP4 Sample, 14th Co., 1st Aviation Brigade, 2nd
edition "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

BLEW BLADES

Get together talking with friends,
Talk about those stinkin' winds.

Sometimes headwinds, sometimes tails,
Mostly crosswinds, gusts like gales.

Pre-flight check, inspections due,
Engine deck, I found a worn out shoe.

Three dead birds in the air intake,
Maintenance said, "It's our coffee break."

Ninety knots, three thousand plus,
No hydraulics, don't make a fuss.

EGT just went to nine,
Fire light's on — not a welcome sign.

Gear box out, we're spinnin' 'round,
Compressor stall — what an awful sound.

Sky's obscured, can't see my hand,
Wonder where I'll be forced to land.

Look at the caution panel, what do I see?
It's all lit up like a Christmas tree.

The rotor system just flew away —
I guess today just ain't my day!

*1Lt. Brown, ORWAC Class 79-20 (Green), 64th Co.,
6th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker,
Alabama*

MEDEVAC

Dad told his son just where it's at —
Said, "Hey, boy, try the MEDEVAC!

Guns are fun and slicks are tricks —
MEDEVAC's where we get our kicks.

Got a job to do and alot to give —
Get yah out so we'll know you can live.

Got a hoist to pull, can't set her down —
We'll take alot of fire from the ground.

Don't like to be in this kind of mess —
Asked the snakes for help and they said yes.

Chief pulls him in, says we're on our own —
Pick her up, turn around, head for home.

*WOC J. R. Moore, WOC Class 79-9 (Yellow), 62nd
Co., 6th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker,
Alabama*

KILLER COPTER

If I was an aviator with my wings,
I wouldn't be bothered by many things.
I'd fly my killer 'copter high,
They'll think I'm in control of the sky.

If a commie and I should meet today,
I'd blow that sucker right out of the way.
Everyone should realize — they should know,
An Army aviator is always ready to go.

I'm living to fly way up in the air,
The enemy knows, I'll take his dare.
Cobras flying low and the Huey high,
I'll be doing it 'til the day I die.

*WOC Robinson, WOC Class 79-13 (Red), 61st Co.,
6th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker,
Alabama*

TANK KILLER

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Tank killer, tank killer

Lurking all the time,

Tank killer, tank killer,

The enemy he will find.

Enemy tanks ain't so big or bad,
Rollin' out in the open, he's gonna get had.

Up pops a Cobra from a coconut grove,
He's a mean machine, you can tell when he dove.

Lean and green and shaped like a snake,
See an enemy tank and he goes ape.

He's got eight TOWs strapped to his side,
If you mess with Mr. Snake, it's suicide.

Cpt. Jenkins, ORWAC Class 79-30 (Orange), 64th Co., 6th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama

PRIMARY BLUES

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*So you fly a 55 and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me for I can't go,
'Cause first I've gotta go and fly solo.*

*I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,
I remember my momma was gone at the time.
The doctor looked down, and he said, "Oh, my,
Is this ole boy gonna walk or fly?"*

*Now when you see me a hoverin', better step aside,
A lotta people didn't, and alot of 'em died.
We've gotta cyclic of iron, and a collective of steel,
If the main don't get you, then the tail blade will.*

WOC Class 79-19 (Green), 61st Co., 6th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama

AVIATION CLASS

Aviation's got alot of Class,
We don't run 'til we're out of gas.
Buckle up, pull trigger, rotors turn,
Hear that big jet turbine burn.
Pull pitch, roll in power, fly away,
Off into combat for another day.
Flying Generals, troops, Green Berets —
Hover in, let 'em out, take it away.
Back to base, fuel it up, fly all day.
That's the way we pilots earn our pay.

*WOC Scanor, WOC Class 79-13 (Red) 61st Co., 6th
Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

DUST-OFF

UH-1, on a mercy flight,
UH-1, flying thru the night.
Dustoff pilots are far and few,
Wouldn't you like to be one too?

Hey, Hey, all the way,
Hey, Hey, everyday.

Dustoff pilots live dangerously,
Flying into areas I'd rather not be.
Dustoff pilots know what to do —
I'm going to fly dustoff, too.

Hey, Hey, all the way,
Dustoff pilots everyday.

UH-1 hovering close to the ground,
Hoping that he doesn't take a round.
Cobras flying cover from above,
Keeping watch over the land we love.

Hey, Hey, all the way,
Hey, Hey, everyday.
Aviation, Aviation.

*WOC Robert E. Christie, Class 78-41, 1st edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

AVIATION DADDY

UH-1H moving through the air,
Aviation Daddy way up there.

Hooked up, buckled up, in the pilot's seat,
Having some fun at a thousand feet.

Hand on the cyclic looking at the sky,
Co-pilots' worried about the way I fly.

Crew Chief's looking out the door,
Got seven grunts a'staring at the floor.

Jason D. Moore, 62d Co., Royal blue, 1st edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

*WOC Moore was killed on 11 Dec. 78.

AIR ASSAULT CHANTS

AIR ASSAULT, AIR ASSAULT, where've you been
Around this track and I'm going again.
What ya going to do when you get back?
Jump from a plane with a hundred pound pack.

Went to the mess hall on my knees ,
Said mess sergeant feed me please.
The mess sergeant said with a grin,
If ya want to be AIR ASSAULT you got to be thin.

I got a girl that lives out west,
Thought this AIR ASSAULT life was best.
Now she's somebody elses wife.
I'll be jumping for the rest of my life.

I was born in a cave and raised by a bear.
I got a great big chest all covered with hair.
I got a cast iron rib cage, stainless steel balls —
I'm an Air Assault man and that ain't all!

*Cpt. Thomas Burton, 101st Airborne Div. (Air
Assault), Ft. Campbell, Kentucky*

CHAPTER FIVE

Surprised to see that we march too?
We support the rest of you!
We do PT to show the way
(Back to the office everyday).

*(Engineers, Signal, Transportation, Chaplains,
Medics, etc.)*

ENGINEERS

Engineers, Engineers, can't you see,
17th Engineers is the way to be.
Paved the way through World War II,
Now we've got to follow through.

Engineers, Engineers, can't you see,
17th Engineers is the way to be,
Built a bridge across the River Rhine,
Did it all in record time.

Engineers, Engineers, can't you see,
17th Engineers is the way to be.
Fought Hitler at the Battle Bulge,
Made him wish he'd never indulged.

*1Lt. Ricky Lynch, Co. E, 17th Engineer Bn., 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood Texas*

C-290

C-290 roll another load,
Earthmoving man will build another road.
Shift down, throttle out, what do you hear?
C-290 in back-breaking gear:
A hard day's work and a good night's rest,
That's why earthmovers are the best.

*SP5 Sullivan, C Co., 46th Eng. Bn., 2nd edition,
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

ENGINEER

I once knew an Airborne Ranger —
To a hard day's work he was a stranger.
Tried to out-work an Engineer —
He finally gave up and said "Oh, dear."

Engineer

You can work . . .

Engineer

You can go . . .

Engineer

You must be . . .

The one they call GI-JOE.

Airborne said, "Hey, I'm not through,"
"Cause sure-as-shootin' I can beat you."
"I can win a rifle-meet . . ."
"Cause an Airborne Ranger can't be beat."

So they went to the range and both kept score —
The Engineer won once more.
He said, "Listen to me Airborne, that's not strange."
"Who do you think built this Rifle-Range?"

The Engineers
We can work
Engineers
We can go
Engineer
You must be . . .
The one they call GI-JOE.

Now I know an all-right guy
That used to jump from the sky.
He reenlisted, changed his MOS —
Now he's working with the best . . .

He's an Engineer
He can work
He's and Engineer
He can go
"Build and Fight" is our Motto.

Sgt. David Hill, Co. B, 46th Engr. Bn., 1st edition
"Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama

MIGHTY ENGINEERS

There's a unit at Fort Hood that's got alot of clout,
The 17th's who I'm talking about.

The unit commander's an L-T-C,
He's old, he's short, but runs circles round me.

Gets up early, about a quarter to four,
Runs five miles and then he runs more.

But the Colonel's staff, so they say,
Couldn't run a mile if they had all day.

Now HHC is a different kind of cat,
Got no mission, just as simple as that

Look for us combat engineers to do their chores,
Soon they'll expect us to do their drawers.

Finally here, there's heavy junk,
Now we're talking 'bout down to earth spunk.

An honest day's work is all we know,
And we make a hit everywhere we go.

Provost Marshall knows us well,
'Cause we're the fellows that love to raise hell.

There's a rumor going 'round that of the three,
The best darn unit is Bravo Company.

A stranger might ask why we're so full of fire,
We're combat engineers all the way to the wire.

*Sgt. Bert Johnson, Co. B. 17th Engineers, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

†

THE BALLAD OF EARTHMOVING PRIDE

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Don't be sad and don't be blue,

Someday you might be Earthmoving, too.

*We have one thing that makes Commies run —
Earthmoving pride — we're Number One!*

Look out rotor heads, here we come,
Earthmoving Platoon's on the run.

In every project on this Post,
Earthmoving men have done the most.

We push down trees and lay down stone,
Some nights we wonder if we'll ever go home.

When aviators fly and want to set down,
Earthmoving Platoon don't even frown.
We cleared the land and all the ground,
We've built the best airstrips around.
And all you grunts, now don't forget, too —
We built the tank ditch in front of you.

Earthmoving gets no credit for battles won,
But we're always there before they've begun.
Dozers, scrapers, and dump trucks, too,
Scooploaders, graders, and ten tons, new —
We clean up after the battle is through.
(And that makes colonels and generals, too!)

*1Lt. Hadley and SFC Evans, B Co., 46th Eng. Bn.,
2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

In this alteration of "Daddy's Going to Give You A Mockingbird" it is appropriate that the Army engineers choose John Henry. While building railroad tracks and swinging his sledge hammer, John Henry often sang to give his movements a regular rhythm, much like the drills in today's Army.

JOHN HENRY SONG

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*Hee-ey John Henry,
Hee-ey John Henry son.*

John Henry, John Henry have you heard,
Daddy's going to buy you a CEV.
And if that CEV won't shoot,
Daddy's going to give you a kicking boot.
And if that CEV won't doze,
Daddy's going to give you a shovel to use.

John Henry, John Henry don't look so sad,
Daddy's going to buy a big old MAB.
And if that MAB will not float,
Daddy's going to give you a rubber boat.
And if that rubber boat should sink,
Daddy's going to give you a bottle to drink.

*1Lt. Scurggs, B Co., 17th Eng. Bn., 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood,
Texas*

"Engineer's Backbone" is a take-off on one of the versions of "Captain Jack" but the stanzas here all relate to engineering.

ENGINEER'S BACKBONE

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Engineer's backbone's hard as a rock,
Won't you send me back to the block?

With that shovel in my hand,
I'm gonna be a hard diggin' man.

With that leaf rake in my hand,
I'm gonna be a rakin' man.

With that hammer in my hand,
I'm gonna be a rock bustin' man.

With that mower in my hand,
I'm gonna be a grass cuttin' man.

With that dozer in my hand,
I'm gonna be an earthmovin' man.

*1Lt. Beers, HHC, 46th Eng. Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

“B” COMPANY BLUES

Engineer, Engineer running down the road,
Running so fast, makes the others look old.
We're running hard, running long,
Singing still another stupid song.
Build a road or cut down a tree,
Or dig some graves for the Infantry.
Working hard, working all day,
Knocking down anything that gets in the way.
Trees in the backyard, flowers on the wall,
Working on the weekend sure helps the morale.
Roadguards are out and Scouts are in,
Clean up the songs from Sex and Sin.

*B Co., 46th Eng. Bn., 2nd Edition, “Jody Calls,” Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

ATC SONG

UH-1 waiting on the strip,
ATC's gonna make it a safe trip.

Air traffic controller, help me please,
I'm just a WOC pilot from the academy.

The controller told him, “Don't you worry son,
Before you know it, you'll be off and gone.”

I cleared him from the airfield on runway eight,
“You better hurry up, you're already late.”

He lifted off the runway up into the sky,
To join his flight for their final fly-by.

He veered to the left and he veered to the right —
In just a few minutes he was out of sight.

Well, another one up and another one down,
And five hundred more flying all around.

Air Traffic Control is the only way to go,
Ask any pilot, he will tell you so!

*SGT. Tabarez, 42d Co., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls,"
Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

ATC

A armor, Infantry, Artillery —
I gotta be in ATC.

Hey, there flyboy, don't you know?
ATC tells you where to go.

Pilots fly birds everywhere
With ATC to Watch and Care.

Ground and Tower, Radar too —
Controls your flight into the blue.

Ignore the Controller if you dare,
You will get knocked out of the air.

Take her up easy, do what you're told,
You will live longer, may even grow old.

A armor, Infantry, Artillery —
I gotta be in ATC!

*42d Co., 4th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

HAVE YOU HEARD?

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Hey, there airman have you heard?
ATC controls your bird.

Your first call is ground control —
They have the numbers and places to go.

Your next call is tower control —
Gear up, flaps down, ready to go.

As you take off, you will know —
ATC is ready, willing to go.

Radar, Radar, we are here —
Making sure your bird is clear.

42d Co., 4th Bn., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama

SIGNAL MOTTO

Ratt Rigs, Radios, Multichannel, too,
Second AD, we will support you.

Snow or rain or in the sun,
For communications, we're number one.

Grab your phone and crank the knob.
For you to talk, we do our job.

Commanders have a lot at stake,
Signal, great leaders we do make.

REFORGER 80 was our best,
Showed the Army that we are the best.

Sgt. Ima Roche, C Co., 142d Signal, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas

WANNA BE SIGNAL

Armor, Infantry, Artillery,
One-forty second is the place to be!

Teletypes, telephones, commo wire, too,
Don't call me, I'll call you!

*Ssg D. Soliz, 142d Signal Bn., 2d Armored Division,
1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

TRANSPORTATION PRIDE

Raise your heads and hold them high,
Transportation's passing by.
Dress it right and cover down,
Forty inches all around.
Get in line and make it straight,
Transportation won't wait.
Raise your heads and hold them high,
Transportation's passing by.

*7th Transportation Group (Terminal), Ft. Eustis,
Virginia*

TRANSPORTATION COMES A CREEPING

*CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Late at night while you're sleeping,
Transportation comes a creeping,*

We're Transportation,
Victory and elation.

With any kind of luck,
We'll be rolling our trucks.

We're flying our planes,
We're driving our trains.

*7th Transportation Group (Terminal), Ft. Eustis,
Virginia*

TRANSPORTATION CAPTAIN JACK

Hey, hey, Captain Jack,
Meet me down at the railroad track.
With my canteen in my hand,
I want to be a transportation man.

Hey, hey, Captain Jessel,
Meet me at dawn on my river vessel.
With my duffle bag in hand,
I want to be a sailing man.

Hey, hey, Captain Kool,
Meet me in the motor pool.
With my girl on my arm,
I want to be on the road by dawn.

Hey, hey, Major Hopper,
Are we going to fly in your helicopter.
With my rifle on my knee,
I don't want to be in the Infantry.

*7th Transportation Group (Terminal), Ft. Eustis,
Virginia*

TUCKER'S TRUCKERS

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*'Cause we are Truckers — Mighty Mighty Truckers
Everywhere we go — People ought to know
Who we are — So we tell them
We are Truckers — Tucker's Truckers.*

Up in the morning at the break of day,
Bustin' my butt just to earn my pay.
Going to haul that fuel all the way —
Gotta earn that recent raise in pay.

I joined the Army to drive a truck,
With Rucker duty, I'm out of luck.
Yes, all these details are a strife —
Eighteen wheeling is my way of life.

Safety's gotta be our motto men,
On this one fact, our job depends.
Our minds are quick, our nerves like steel.
Don't believe my claim? Climb behind that wheel!

I'm gonna haul that fuel all day long,
So please 1SG hear my song.
And give us Truckers credit, friend —
Come and join us to the end.

*Cpt. Tucker and SSG Edwards, 416th Trans. Co.,
2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

The following is another version of the stanzas set to the same rhythm as "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon . . ." This particular cadence is enjoyed by the Transportation Branch.

Around the ship the decks are cleared to sail now,
Our gear is stowed, the booms are down, 1st mate
knows how:

And if you ask us where the hell we're going,
We're going to that distant port that's far, far away.

*7th Transportation Group (Terminal), Ft. Eustis,
Virginia*

This Jody Chant is an excerpt from *Year of the Horse-Vietnam-The 1st Air Cavalry in the Highlands* by Kenneth D. Mertel (Exposition Press, 1968). The cadence was written by Chaplain Spear on a ship en-route to Vietnam. Colonel Mertel's troops would perform calisthenics and then run in place to this call or many other similar ones. By rotating the number of men on the sundeck, the soldiers would all have a chance to exercise.

CHAPLAIN CALL

Wake up Sunday, get out of bed,
Go to the washroom, wash my head.
Going to Church and Bible School,
Learn about Jesus and the Golden Rule.

Now we're headed for Vietnam,
You better run, you Viet Cong.
Going to fight for peace and liberty,
To make a new home for Democracy.

The Chaplain, Doctor and the CO too,
May lead a stick from the sky so blue.
When we have descended, you better run,
Can't go home till the combat's done.

Freedom, Freedom is our game,
For the People, by the People is the claim.
The right to worship, vote and love our liberty,
That's why we're going to have a victory.
Victory, victory, that's our claim
1st of the 8th, 1st Cavalry, that's our name.

CHRISTIAN

Jesus Christ is God Almighty,
We will praise him Monday through Friday.

When the weekend rolls around
In the chapel we'll be found.

When we worship Him with Praise,
We will please Him all our days.

Sing a favorite hymn or two,
You'll feel better when you do.

You'll be ready for life on Monday
If you're with His Church on Sunday.

Days will be brighter thru the week
If His Guidance you will seek.

The moral of these Jody rhymes,
He's the Savior for our times.

*Maj. Clyde M. Northrop, Chaplain, 6th Bn., 1st
Edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

MEDICS

Here come your medics running down the lane,
I guarantee they can stop the pain.

Am I right or wrong? You're right.
Are we going strong? All night.
Mighty Medics on the way,
They'll keep you healthy everyday.

Medics, Medics, they're all right,
They can wrap your wounds real tight.

Am I right or wrong? You're right.
Are we going strong? All night.
Mighty Medics on the way,
Mighty Medics — they don't play.

*48th Medical Battalion, 2d Armored Division, 1st
edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

AMBULANCE MAN

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)
Drink a beer, darn it, drink a beer,
Well, I don't give a darn for any old man
Who won't drink a beer with an ambulance man.

Up in the morning way too soon,
Tired as hell by the coming of noon.
427th — we're early to rise,
Performing all jobs of any size.
We prepare our litters, ambulances, and crew,
Ready for commitments and emergencies, too.

Another mission has just begun,
The medic's job is never done.
Working and sweating 'til the setting sun,
While all you turkeys are having fun.

Heck, we're good, Heck, we're great —
If you need attention, don't hesitate.
We're always there to lend a hand,
If you don't take it — we'll understand.
We're always proud and certainly grand,
Never forget that we're the ambulance clan.

*427th Med. Co., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

91 BRAVO

M
Moving on!
E
Everyday!
D
Doing good!
I
In the sun!
C
Hard Corps!
MEDICS, MEDICS! All the way!

*427th Med. Co., 2nd edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Rucker, Alabama*

FINANCE COMPANY

When the pencil is strong,
The money isn't wrong,
Chairborne, Chairborne all day.

Pay them high, pay them low,
Finance will never be slow.

We are sound, we make it right,
We are Finance and we can fight.
Chairborne, Chairborne all day.

*MSG. E. D. Thorton, 502d Finance Company, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

TYPEWRITER

Typewriter, typewriter, where're you at?
I'm an office worker, so I must be fat.

The Colonel said that I must run . . .
And he thinks I'm having fun.

If I could, I'd surely hide . . .
And try to work from eight to five.

Typewriter, typewriter, please be true,
For I'll be coming back to you.

If I don't and you need me —
Look underneath the nearest tree.

I'll be there, if I can hide,
Watching the rest run on by.

Typewriter, typewriter, remember me . . .
As I run for mile . . . three.

I'll be in the office soon,
For sure I'll hurt 'til afternoon.

Feeling good, looking good, must be good . . .
PT . . . Need you! . . . PT . . . Need You! . . . PT is
good! Good-bye typewriter, good-bye.

*SFC Robert Gentner, 12th Co., 1st edition "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

NOTHING TO DO

12th Company, who are you?
TDA, with nothing to do.
Go to PT at six AM,
Then to the gym to have a swim.
Racquetball from nine to ten,
Recover with a tonic and gin.
Lunch from eleven until noon,
Day will be over soon.
Volleyball from noon to three,
Keep really busy, can't you see?
12th Company, who are you?
TDA with nothing to do.

*2Lt. Molly Franks, 12th Co., 1st edition, "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

CHAIRBORNE RANGER

You want to be a Chairborne Ranger,
A life of leisure's what you're after.
You want to be a writing man,
Sit and be a Dapper Dan.

It's one-thirty now on the strip,
Chairborne Ranger's gonna take a little trip,
Stand up, lock up, shuffle to the door,
The club for lunch and home by four.

If there's something to decide,
Close your door and try to hide.
And every time you get a call,
You're all tied up with racquetball.

First revise the SOP,
Make a change in policy.
Ours is not to wonder why,
It's written in the LOI.

Staffer, you can make the grade,
Learn yourself an honest trade.
Get the message from the source.
Come and run with the Big Iron Horse.

*Cpt. Douglas Boulter, 2/67 Armor 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

CHAIRBORNE

First Brigade Patch on my shoulder
None on post could be bolder!

Grab your typewriter and a folder,
Let's all run and get it over.

TDA is what we say,
Chairborne, chairborne, all the way

Four battalions on this post,
But my battalion is the most.

Chairborne, chairborne, that's for me —
You can keep the Infantry.

Grab your papers . . . come this way,
We're the leaders . . . We're TDA.

Chairborne, chairborne is the best,
You dumb grunts can keep the rest.

If to read, you learn to do,
You could be chairborne too.

TDA is what we are,
And the rest we lead by far.

Run all night, run all day —
Ain't no sweat, we're TDA.

Infantry thinks they're the best,
But 1st Battalion leads the rest.

Golden Hawk is on my shoulder,
Rosser's Raiders . . . none are bolder.

TDA is what we say,
Chairborne, chairborne, that's our way.

"Soldiers First" is our Motto,
And it's us . . . the rest must follow.

Chairborne, chairborne, that's our desire,
Someone to run, we'd like to hire.

And in closing, let us say,
TDA all the way!

*SFC Robert Gentner, 12th Co., 1st edition, "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

502d FINANCE COMPANY

We run all the way to the Cattle Guards,
Everyone in Finance are PT stars.

Running every day makes us bold,
Keeps us away from weight control.

Running at night makes us mean,
We are the Finance Lean Machine.

Just a few words to KHOMEINI,
From the Lean Machine of the 2d A.D.

Hurry up old man, make your play,
'Cause the Lean Machine is coming your way.

Move over soldier and let us pass,
'Cause the Finance Company is hauling cash!

*SFC Walter L. Teal, 502d Finance Co., 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

HOT FUEL

Hey there, Chopper, have you heard?
We're gonna fuel that big iron bird.
Sample passed and we are ready,
Ground and bond — now hold it steady.

JP-4 is clean and bright,
We're gonna do it and do it right.
Helmets, goggles, gloves and all,
108th is on the ball.

TAC Runkle, TAC Runkle, looks so fine,
All point pumpin', one thru nine.
Goldberg, Goldberg, hooks and snakes,
Ain't no room for any mistakes.

Got the choppers in the air,
108th is always there,
Hot fuel, cold fuel, we can do,
Line haul, defuel all for you.

*1Lt. White, 108th QM Co., 2nd edition, "Jody
Calls," Ft. Rucker, Alabama*

CHAPTER SIX

Look what's happened the past twenty years —
These have been censored so uncover your ears.
'Nam is a subject most try to forget
But it's part of the past for every Vet.

(Vietnam War and current trends reflected in marching songs)

It is interesting to note the last verse refers to "streaking," one of the temporary fads of the early seventies.

HI HO DIDDLY BOP (Marching)

CHORUS

Your left, your left,
Your left, right, left,
Your left, right, left,
Your left, your right, now pick up a step,
Your left, your right, your left.

Hi Ho Diddly Bop
Wish I was back on the block,
With my sixteen in my hand,
Wanna be a fighting man.

Hi Ho Diddly Bop,
Wish I was back on the block,
With my woman in my arms,
Wanna be a loving man.

Hi Ho Diddly Bop,
Wish I was back on the block,
With my tennies in my hand,
Wanna be a streaking man.

*Drill Sergeant School, 104th Div., Ft. Lewis,
Washington*

The first verse of this particular cadence was one of the most popular verses to emerge from the Vietnam War. Current unrest in the Middle East caused the second stanza to be written and marched to.

AIRBORNE RANGER (Running)

I wanna be an Airborne Ranger,
I wanna live a life of danger.
I wanna go to Viet Nam,
I wanna kill some Charlie Cong.

I wanna be an Airborne Ranger,
I wanna live a life of danger.
I wanna go to Israel,
I wanna raise all kinds of hell.

SLIPPERY SAM

Up from the jungle of Vietnam
Came a Recon Marine they called Slippery Sam.
He wore a string of ears right across his chest
Just to show Charlie he was always the best.

Ten, Twenty, Thirty, Forty, Fifty or more,
Sam kept shootin' em and addin' up the score.
Many V.C. died tryin' to kill this Marine
But Slippery Sam was too darn mean.

One day while crawling through the jungle trees,
Sam shot a gook right in the knees.
He pulled out his K-bar before he died
And stuck it right between his eyes.

One day on a hill they called Khe Sanh
Sam decided to have some fun.
He put fifty claymores in a line
And then watched Charlie blow his mind.

Major Bill Windsor, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired)

The following cadence is derived from the tune of one of Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. It was a popular tune at Ft. Benning's Infantry OCS during the Vietnam War. Its last line refers to the 173rd Airborne Brigade, a jump-status unit during the war.

Infantry, Infantry, where do you roam?
Down at Fort Benning, far far from home.
Infantry, Infantry, where have you been?
We've been to Vietnam and going again.
Infantry, Infantry, what have you heard?
We've heard the thunder of the One-Seventy-Third.

James H. Lutz, Toronto, Canada

THREE MORE . . .

Three more days and we'll be home
Drinking beer with lots of foam.

Three more weeks and Vietnam,
Playing games with Viet Cong.

Three more years and we're through,
No more war, nothing to do.

Ft. Gordon, Georgia

WHAT THE RANGERS DID

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

*Mama, mama, can you see
What the Rangers did to me?
Mama, mama, can you see
What the Rangers did to me?*

See my buddies on the ground,
Hear them bullets whizzin' round.

They gave me a knife, taught me to fight,
Sent me out the middle of night.

Saw the sentry, brought him down,
Felt the blood come oozing 'round.

Taught me how to kill a man,
Now I've had to — and know I can.

Hear me wake in the middle of the night,
Sweatin' and shakin', rememberin' the fight.

The day may come, I hope it can,
When I won't need my knife again.

But Mama 'til that day arrives
I'll practice taking other's lives.

When you ask why that must be,
One big word will describe me.

RANGER! Mama, that's what I am —
One of a breed of fighting men.

A variation of oh, oh, oh or ah, ah, ah or some type of lamenting cry of despair may be used during the cadence or with the chorus.

Alan L. Brown, Anchorage, Alaska

Another popular song at Ft. Benning's OCS during the war, this is a tune modified from the old rock-and-roll hit "Poison Ivy".

IN VIETNAM

Saigon Sally's cryin'
'Cause all her boys are dyin'
You know the Infantry is here . . .
In Vietnam . . . In Vietnam . . .
Late at night while you're sleepin'
Charlie Cong comes a'creepin' around . . .

You're runnin' out of ammo,
You've fired your Forty-five;
You hope your hand-to-hand will keep you alive.
In Vietnam . . . In Vietnam . . .

James H. Lutz, Toronto, Canada

VIETNAM (Marching)

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Your left, your right, your left.

Your left, your right, your left,

Oh what a way to fight a war.

You wake up in the morning,
You hear the captain say
You may not live to see another day.

You jump into your foxhole,
You have a fire fight,
It lasts all the day and all the night.

You feel the rain falling
You hear old Charlie calling,
You know there's going to be a human raid.

The mortars are a'falling
You hear your buddies calling,
All you want to do is hug the ground.

The bullets are a'falling,
You see your buddies dying,
Oh what a hell of a way to die.

You look among the dying,
You see a friend or two,
You wonder what this world is coming to.

After the fight's over,
Under the shining moon,
You wonder why the heck they die so soon.

You hear the bells a'ringing,
You hear the angels singing,
You wonder why you ever left your home.

Your plane it is a'flying,
You know you're homeward bound,
You think about your buddies who went down.

You're on the block a'walking,
You hear the children say,
"Daddy, did it have to end that way?"

You're in a movie theater,
It's on the silver screen,
Was it real or only just a dream?

Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Numerous non-fiction books and novels have been written about war, most recently the Vietnam War. Before they are shipped overseas to fight, the armed services attend many classes, training sessions and of course, drills. John Sack's controversial account, entitled simply *M*, follows the action of M Company from the U. S. Army Training Center at Fort Dix, New Jersey to Vietnam. Each chapter in the book is named after the line of a cadence: "Hold Your Head and Shoulders High!"; "Mighty Mike Is Passing By!"; "Am I Right or Wrong?"

Chapter One is ended with a chant led by Sergeant Mallory:

"Lift your head and hold it high! Mighty Mike is passing by! Am...I right or wrong?"

"You're *right!*" M shouted back as its right feet put a drumbeat in, a *boom on the snow-covered ground*.

"*Delayed cadence! Mike cadence! Company cadence! Count!*" Mallory now sang out.

And his company answered, "*M...I...K...E! M...I...K...E! Migh...ty Mike! Migh...ty Mike! Fight! fight FIGHT!*" as little wisps of windblown snow curled around its marching feet.

IN THE EARLY MORNING RAIN

CHORUS (Repeat after every third verse)

*In the early morning rain,
With my weapon in my hand
And a pocket full of sand,
In the early morning rain.*

It's our first week of training,
All around it is raining,
But they won't stop our training,
In the early morning rain.

Sergeants make us run and fight,
All the day and through the night
As they smile with delight,
In the early morning rain.

All around war is near,
And it's war we all fear,
As we drink our last can of beer,
In the early morning rain.

CHORUS

Got the enemy to my front,
And the ocean to my rear.
Wounded and dying's all I hear,
In the early morning rain.

As I'm laying here to rest,
Catch a bullet in my chest,
Even though I've done my best,
In the early morning rain.

Even though I'm gonna die,
Tell my darling not to cry,
'Cause I'll never say good-bye,
In the early morning rain.

CHORUS

Many a soldier will die today,
Guess there's nothing left to say,
So our children they can play,
In the early morning rain.

Yes, my sergeant I can *now* see,
Why all this training's good for me.
Forever more we'll be free,
In the morning rain.

CHORUS

*SFC Rick Dunlap, Drill Sergeant, Co. E, 11th MP
MP Bn. (OSUT), Ft. McClellan, Alabama*

KOREAN TOUR

CHORUS (Repeat between verses)

Am I right or wrong?

Am I right or wrong?

Ain't this short tour long?

Ain't this short tour long?

Wind and snow is all I get,
I will leave this country yet.

Kimchi that and kimchi this —
I can't tell you what I miss.

Seoul is a city like the ones back home,
Smog and traffic wherever I roam.

The countryside is best I guess —
The rice is plenty, but my stomach's a mess.

We march all day 'til the curfew comes,
Then it's time to oil our guns.

Take a shower in water that's cold,
Clean our boots from the monsoon mold.

Stateside, stateside, where are you?
Will the world be there when we get through?

Mid tour home is all too quick,
Spent one week at Osan sick.

Red Cloud, Yongsan, Hovey, too,
Don't forget Page and big Taegu.

The roads are curved, buses are fast
But we don't care just as long as we last.

We'll fight those commies at the BZ line,
Blow their tanks with a hidden mine.

Our choppers can see them from miles away,
Those guys at "Reach" will then relay.

If their tunnels let 'em move too fast,
We'll patrol our border to the very last.

This was written by the editor to exemplify the attitude of many GIs stationed in Korea.

ARTILLERY

Lift your head and hold it high,
The king of battle is passing by.

We're the best that can be found,
The Hell's Fires have come to town.

The Infantry is looking blue,
They wish they were Artillery too.

Whenever the tankers get in trouble,
The Artillery's there on the double.

The Cav is always in a fix,
'Til the Artillery comes and saves their necks.

Old Khomeini's gonna be sad,
Cause Div Arty's getting mad.

They think they'll take us for a ride,
But they can kiss their lives good-bye.

1st Brigade couldn't beat an egg,
Without the help of the Big Red Legs.

Finer soldiers you'll never see,
For we are the field Artillery.

Grunts and Tanks might be fun,
But the Artillery is number one.

*Sgt. Lester F. Davis HHB, Div Arty, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

U. S. SOLDIER (Double Time)

U.S. soldiers up to the front,
We get our kicks chasing Russian grunts.
If that M-16 won't do,
We'll have to use our 7.62.

This U.S. soldier is mean and tough,
The Ayatolla's gonna have it rough.
Big man, small man, shoot that gun,
Keep Khomeini on the run.

Ft. Benning, Georgia

ADA PRIDE

If you are Armor or Infantry,
You will have to count on me.
I've got the tools so you won't die,
I'm gonna keep Iran outa the sky.

We know our jobs, and we're proud to say,
We're ADA and we're going all the way.
You should know that we won't let
You lose your life by a hostile jet.

Helicopters, too will stay away,
When they know you've got an ADA.
Keeping the skies friendly and free,
That's a big job that's made for me.
If you wanna be safe, all you have to say
Is "gimme that good old ADA."

*Maj. David Burpee, HHB, 2/5 ADA, 2d Armored
Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

†

IF I WAS A . . .

If I was a General and had my way,
There would be no tankers in the Army today.
Pack 'em all up and ship 'em home free,
Make everybody here join the Infantry.

If I was a General and I had my way,
We'd all be in Iran on this very day,
Send their Army straight to hell,
Then every American would own his own oil well.

*Lt. Collier, C Co., 1/50, 2d Armored Division, 1st
edition, "Jody Calls," Ft. Hood, Texas*

AYATOLLAH KHOMENI

(Tune of C130 Rollin' Down the Strip)

Ayatollah Khomeini,
What'cha gonna do with our embassy?
America is a peaceful land,
But when we're pushed we take a stand.

Ayatollah, you old fool,
You have gone and lost your cool.
Land of the free and home of the brave,
We're gonna put you in your grave.

Bomb Iran, Bomb Iran,
If they're not careful, we're taking that land.
Nuke'em, nuke'em 'til they glow,
If they don't let our people go.

Iran, Iran, Parliament,
You haven't even made a dent.
Free our hostages today,
Or we will have to earn our pay.

*2Lt. Robert Brown, III, A Co., 3/66 Armor, 2d
Armored Division, 1st edition, "Jody Calls," Ft.
Hood, Texas*

IF I SHOULD DIE

If I should die in a Russian war
Take my gun and fight some more.

If I should die on a Russian front,
Don't bury me with a Commie grunt.

If I should die on an Asian front,
Don't bury me with an enemy runt.

If I should die in an Asian war
Tell them I was Marine Corp!

Don Nelson (ex-Marine) San Manuel, Arizona

COMMIE (Double)

Look on the hill, what do you see?
Dirty Russian commie looking at me.
Lock and load one 'round inside,
Shoot that Russian between the eyes.
Beat and kick and stomp his face,
Then strangle him with your boot lace.
And if he's still a fighting fool,
Do him in with your entrenching tool.

2Lt. Jesus Huerta, IOBC, Ft. Benning, Georgia

This is typical of a cadence that evolves from a current event. When President Carter visited Korea, he also went to see the troops at Camp Casey. He actually went jogging with four platoons of soldiers during the inspection. For more details, see the "Pacific Stars and Stripes," Korea Edition, Sunday, July 1, 1979.

CARTER RUNS

Raise your eyes and what do you see?
Mr. President is running with me.
2nd ID is above the rest,
Mr. President only runs with the best.
Casey, Casey, second to none,
Look at us and Jimmy Carter run.

WE'LL ALL BE DEAD BY . . .

(To be sung to the melody of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

They issue me an M16, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me an M16, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me an M16,

But they didn't issue a magazine —

We'll all be dead by summer of ____ .

They issue me a bayonet, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me a bayonet, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me a bayonet,

But they haven't taught me how to use it yet —

We'll all be dead by summer of ____ .

They issue me some jump boots, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me some jump boots, Hurrah, Hurrah.

They issue me some jump boots,

But they didn't issue my parachute,

We'll all be dead by summer of _____.

(Repeat in same style as above verses)

They issued me a .45

In the hopes I'll stay alive.

They issued me a body bag,

Just in case I get gragged.

They issued me a mosquito net,

But it hasn't stopped any mortar yet.

*Cpt. Dennis W. Bartow, 11th Special Force Group
(Airborne) Reserves, Youngstown, Ohio*



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THE SATAN HUNTER

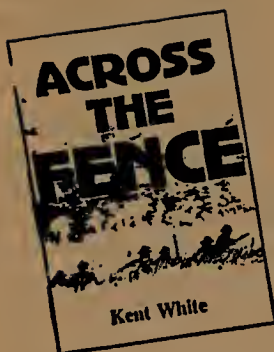
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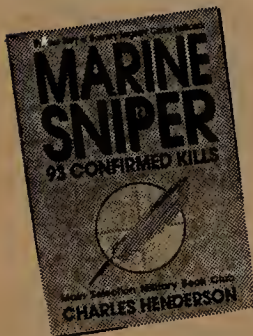
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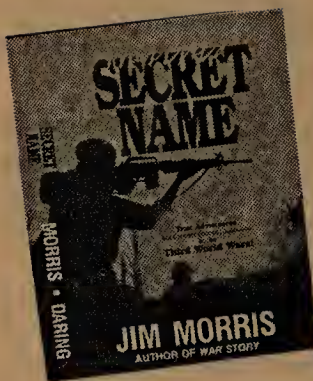
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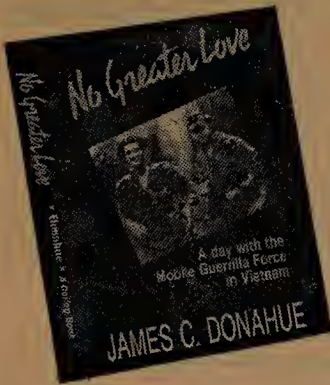
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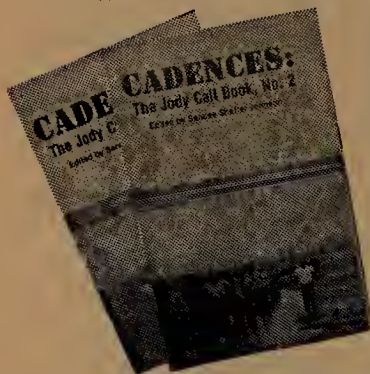




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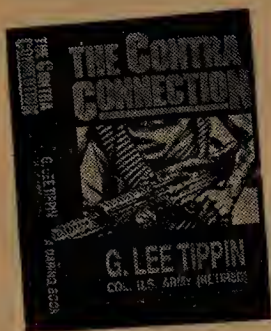
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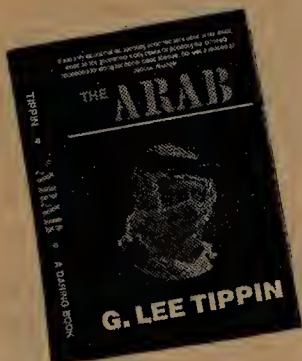
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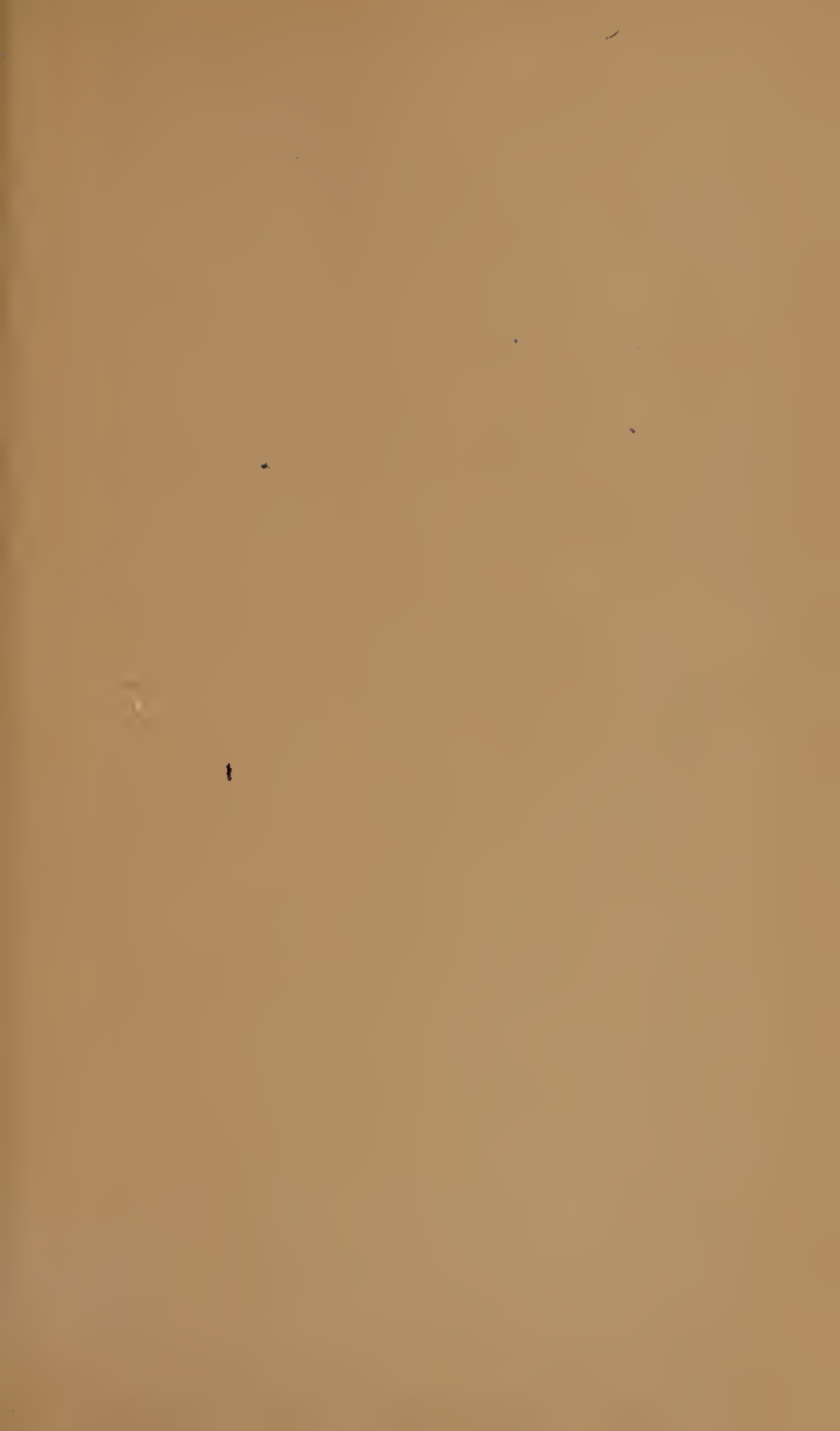
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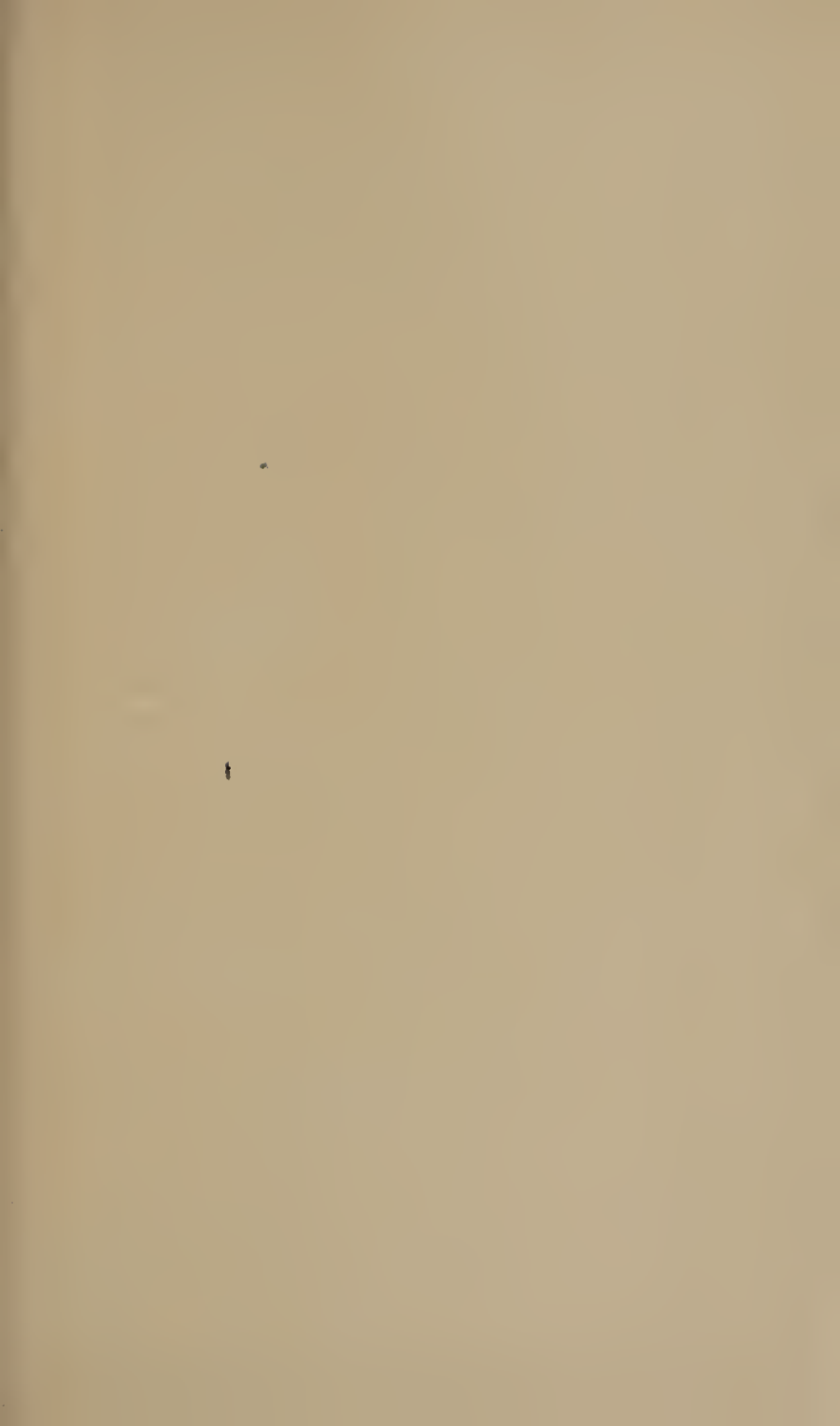
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